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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1932
By
ATHIE SALE DAVIS



FRANKLYN P. DAVIS, M.D.

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
For 1932

•
An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People

•
Fourteenth Annual Edition

•
ILLUSTRATED

Edited by
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS, M.D.
and
ATHIE SALE DAVIS

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By ATHIE SALE DAVIS

Reference

FOREWORD

Davis' Anthology of Newspaper Verse has been the avocation of Dr. Frank P. Davis for the past fourteen years. He collected newspaper verse for years, studying, classifying and tabulating it. In 1919 he published his first issue of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse. The fascination of the work grew with the years, and he continued to edit the annual volumes. He was interested to note the reaction of the people to current events as shown by newspaper poetry—proving that newspaper verse was "A Barometer of Public Sentiment."

Death came to Dr. Davis on the morning of August first following a brief illness of bronchial pneumonia. This fourteenth annual volume was incomplete. I am completing it for him and in his memory.

There have been many changes in American life during the past fourteen years, and newspaper poetry has been quick to record these changes.

In 1931 the depression led in number of poems, and we again find the greatest number of poems to be on the depression. It was shown in many lights; some showed its darkest side, some sought the silver lining. Many of these lines radiate a delicate sweetness of spirit, and numerous depression poems showed a marvelous, sustaining faith.

From the very first of its occurrence until its tragic end, the kidnapping of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., brought forth many poems.

The Washington bicentennial was the subject for many fine poems on Washington and the activities connected with the observance and celebration of bicentennial year.

Press poets also remembered the anniversaries of Longfellow, Scott, and Goethe.

This being presidential campaign year—the result was a great many poems to the candidates of the two major parties—and also before the conventions, we had poems for "favorite sons" as well.

I want to thank those authors, editors and columnists who have assisted and encouraged me in the preparation of this work.

ATHIE SALE DAVIS.

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WHEN WASHINGTON TARIED HERE.



The hut, in Riverside Park, Cumberland, Md., used by Colonel Washington as headquarters in 1755, was purchased in 1922 by the late Honorable James Walter Thomas, restored and presented to the city. As a bicentennial feature a memorial tablet was erected.

There tarried here a man of kingly bearing,
Courageous heart where high ideals held place;
A soldier, patriot and leader wearing
The scars of conflict written on his face.

His shelter was this hut of crude formation,
Naught but the barest comforts did it hold.
His errand was momentous to the nation,
Dramatic history was being told.

The years take toll but lessen not the glory
Of Washington; he lives from age to age.
This cabin stands and pilgrims hear the story
Of how it played a part on history's page.

The Cumberland (Md.) News.

Sara Roberta Getty.

THE FINAL RECKONING.

When life's last word is written,
And life's last song is sung,
When all the earth is ringing
With brave deeds man has done,
When heroes wear their laurels
From pulsing pole to pole,
Will science proving knowledge
Give peace to every soul?

The quiet and the trusting
Who go on willing feet,
And keep faith fires burning
Though doubt stalks through the street;
Will science and brave knowledge
Gleaned from the heights above,
Be more to them than serving?
Be more than faith and love?

The quiet one of fields and loam,
Who walk life way's alone,
Whose scepter is the kindly deed,
Whose humble throne is home,
Will these have greater knowledge
Of faith and things above
When science tears the veil apart
And proves God's heaven is love?

The Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald. Mary Pollard Tynes.

CHICORY.

I hold a dream of chicory
With flowers of heaven-born hue,
It hurled its color in my face,
Of vivid, burning blue.

It grew within a vacant lot,
I passed by every day,
And its blue glory folded me
As I went on my way.

The Boston (Mass.) Herald.

Katharine Washburn Harding.

"Top o' the Morning," August, 1932.

WEEDS.

My morning-glories grow apace,
Compact of vagary, of grace,
Light beckoning, deeply rooted.
Beware him who loves no such weeds
As these celestial bell-chimes ; blue,
And pied, magenta, (egg-shell too,
To flatter eye and flutter touch;) —
Slim-built like Chinese parasols
To drip the sun, the sun to catch ;
Tendrils fleetly spiralling
From rooting warm and moist and old
In ever, never-sleeping mould
Whose aeon habit broods the seeds
Of sturdy kitchen patch or weeds,—
Idle, sunny, swaying weeds,—
He's dourly suited.

*The Boston (Mass.) Herald. Dorothy Randolph Byard.
April 7, 1932.*

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The day was cold and the mud was deep
And he'd had to miss his dinner.
For many nights he had lost his sleep ;
He was looking worn and thinner.

He grumbled now as he deftly dressed
The wound that his lance had made :
"No man with sense and good judgment blessed
Had a country doctor stayed.

"He'd never live in a place like this
And go all hours and weather.
He'd specialize and he then would miss
These hardships altogether."

The phone rang then and he answered "yes,"
Forgotten his hard position,
The long, rough road and his weariness.
He was still the true physician.

*The Bracken County News. Ruth Winslow Gordon.
Sept. 29, 1932.*

NEW ENGLAND SPRING.

They who have called New England gray and cold
Have not accounted for its lilac boughs
Sweet guardians of the chambers of the house
Where one is born and mated and grown old
In one square room that knows the sunset gold,
Their over-casual reckoning allows
For no least item of the glad carouse
Of lavish May when all the leaves unfold.

Austerity of the New England zone
Only enhances its belated May;
Not in the tropic island is there shown
Such radiance; or heard such roundelay
As when the land, but now chilled to the bone,
Leaps from its lethargy of yesterday.

The Boston (Mass.) Herald. *Isabel Fiske Conant.*
April, 1932.

ARMISTICE DAY. (In a Cemetery)

Once more these drooping, faded flags
On slender grass-grown mounds remain;
Their colors vanished like the dead
Long numbered with the valiant slain.
I wonder if their hearts so true,
And eyes that fearless flashed so bright,
Are conscious of the things we do
To keep a nation's impulse right.
Not in the passion of the strife,
They came where sons and fathers sleep;
They sought with thoughts of peace and life
To honor those whose days we keep.
These sunken mounds but mutely tell
Of noble ones who paid the price;
With loyal hate they fought and fell,
Feeling the cost of sacrifice.
But could they now beside us here,
Within God's Acre breathe again,
No deadly onslaught would they fear—
God's peace has calmed the hearts of men.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. *Millard S. Burns.*
November 11, 1932.

WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

Northerly winds, puffing, blowing,
Riding like mad o'er hill and dale,
Shrieking with joy, bounding gladly,
Driving snow in face of the gale,
Lakes are frozen, earth is hardened,
Silvery streams and rivers congeal,
Trees are stripped of gorgeous splendor,
Trimmed by the winds, as sharp as steel.

Fairy fingers during darkness
Sprinkle crystals upon the trees,
Snappy winds from Northland blowing
Breathe upon moisture; then one sees
Wondrous shapes and glorious pictures
Shining, blending marvelously,
Like unto the elfins' grotto
Builded under forest or sea.

Northland's rigid clime produces
Vigorous iron for man's blood,
Carries on her winds the balsam
From the pinelands; sends forth a flood
Full of health, of strength, of gladness
On her fierce gales which loudly blow,
Bearing the thongs of the Ice King,
Heaping the landscape high with snow.

Curling smoke from happy firesides
Wreathe and float in the ambient air;
Boys and girls aflame with ardor
Over the glistening icy glare
Glide with joy; on shining runners
Dash a-down hills with ecstacy;
Cold, which ties up lakes and rivers,
Fills their young hearts with mirth and glee.

The Boston (Mass.) Post. *Edwin Gordon Lawrence.*
March 6, 1932.

GRIEF.

I will not hang my grief on high,
A common taunt for passersby;
I'll hold it rather as a light
To guide our human steps aright.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Calvin Dill Wilson.*

BABY LINDBERGH.

The empty arms of his mother will ache
For the feel of his velvet cheek,
The loving heart of his father will break
For no more will his red lips speak.
And over the hills with angels to roam
Where no sin of the world may mar,
He waits in the halls of heavenly home
Where all of God's little ones are.

The Catholic Tribune.
May 14, 1932.

Anthony F. Klinkner.

DISCIPLES OF DESPAIR—A BALM FOR THEIR WOES.

"Everywhere the earth is twisted,
Nothing straight and nothing right;
Things are going to the bow-wows,
All is in a sorry plight!
Dreary days are everlasting,
Clouds have blotted out the sun;
Things you don't need are abundant,
Things you do need, there ain't none!
Growing crops are dry and thirsty,
Needing rain without delay;
But when you begin your haying,
How it pours most every day!
Politics is one mad scramble,
For the bacon and the plums;
And the public marches daily,
To Perdition beating drums!
We are broken all together,
Everybody poor and sick;
Folks are fickle, you can't please 'em,
Do your level best they kick!
Beezness, he is gone forever!
When dey tell me where he go,
I no follow heem I'd ruther
Loaf a while dan suffer so!
Even homes have ceased to function,
All the love there is today
Is inside the dictionary
Bound too close to get away!"

When you hear these sons of sorrow,
Dread Disciples of Despair,
How you ache to knock their blocks off,
Gray stuff seems so scanty there!
If they had a mite of matter
Long denominated "gray,"
I am sure their pessimism
Would take wings and fly away,
Who can see God's lovely sunsets,
Flowers and brooks and trees and skies,
Beauty everywhere abundant,
And breathe an atmosphere of lies?
Who can meet the common people,
Good and honest everywhere,
True and kind as humans can be,
And give way to dark despair?
Courage, Brother! Prop your chin up!
Open wide your eyes and ears;
God is good, your neighbors kindly,
Let the truth allay your fears!
Get away from the miasma
Of the marshes made by men
Into God's wide-open spaces
And your sun will shine again!

The Boston (Mass.) Transcript. Rev. William Wood.
July 16, 1932.

WINTER WOODS.

This is enchantment's realm to me. I know
Where rabbit-burrows lined with down conceal
Bright-eyed inhabitants; where woodmice steal
Through agitated grass to avoid their foe,
The velvet, steel-shod owl. Upon the hill,
Where amber broomsedge billows in the wind
Beneath dark boughs of gum and maple, thinned
Of every leaf, a partridge calls, is still,
And then a whirr of wings. In diffidence,
Two squirrels peer around a hickory
Then dart away and leave the wood to me.
Now prone upon the molding leaves, I sense
The stir of dormant life; or more divine,
The heart of winter pulsing under mine.

The Birmingham (Ala.) Post. Louise Crenshaw Ray.
Feb. 20, 1932.

THE FRIENDLY TREES

God bless the trees! the friendly trees
That keep our hearthstones warm;
That yield us shade in summertime
And house us from the storm!

Tho' man has maimed and slaughtered them
Since ever time began,
They have remained—do still remain—
The staunchest friends of man.

God bless the trees! the kindly trees,
Green brothers of the wood,
Whose truest mission on the earth
Is that of doing good!

In answer to our direct need,—
And to our fondest prayers,—
There comes to us no spirit shape
More beautiful than theirs!

From massive trunk and swaying bough—
From leaf and bark and stem,
There comes a magic—an appeal—
That draws my heart to them!

'Tis joy in summer days to see
Their vistas green unfold;
'Tis joy to see their iron ranks
Resist the snow and cold!

God bless the trees—the patient trees
That men so often spurn!
Yet give us freely of their all
And ask for no return.

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer Arthur Goodenough

SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT

Awake, ye Spirit of the Night!
Show me a golden dawn!
Lead on to yon Eternal Light,
The hope I live upon!
I falter as the path I take;
O Spirit of the Night, awake!

*The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Isola M. Ohaver.
July 9, 1932.*

HOLY WEEK.

Into a garden He went to pray
Knowing the end of His short earth-day.

And the birds there sensed His Majesty
And winged their way more silently.

The little wild creatures paused when near
Nor trespassed on the Presence there.

While even the insects sensed some way
The Man of Sorrows there to pray.

As flowers and grasses under His feet
Sent up a perfume strange yet sweet.

Meanwhile man feasted outside the gate
Without one thought of His love or fate.

And even His chosen soundly slept
As their Lord in the garden prayed and wept.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. Phoebe A. Naylor.
March 20, 1932.*

AN OLD NUN DREAMS AND AWAKENS.

The hush of this spring night was strangely deep;
It was not strange that I so early fell
Into the blackened pit the world calls sleep
To dream a dream I cannot help but tell;
Oh, will you listen? I have seen the horde
Of dear departed saints and I, while there,
Spoke with and saw and touched our own dear Lord
And knelt before his angel guarded chair.

Oh, could I only bring for earthly eyes
The glory of it all; could I recount
The beauty of His Heaven in the skies
Where the stars travel and the new suns mount!
And now too long my shred of life will seem;
Let me discard it and resume that dream.

*The Catholic Tribune.
May 2, 1932.*

Jay G. Sigmund.

SPRING VERSUS CLEANING.

My neighbors hang their blankets out,
And put the winter dust to rout

With brush and mop, with work and din.
Their houses shine, without, within.

For shame that I, a housewife, too,
Should sit and dream the way I do.

And greet again each little face
Of pansies with their pensive grace,

And think of lilacs yet to come,
The snowy bough of pear and plum.

The slow-unfolding leaf of tree
Is always miracle to me.

I cannot work with mop or broom
When earth is coming into bloom,

But needs must watch the shining glory
As spring retells her ancient story.

The Catholic Transcript.
May 19, 1932.

Vera Keevers Smith.

DEFENSE FOR MOTHER WORLD.

The mad old world goes whirling on through space,
Seeking the chartless avenues of sky;
The wrinkled signs of age adorn her face—

The hordes of creatures who were born to die
Nuzzle her flesh; the sound of belching guns

Ripple the gray clouds and the ocean's brine
But there is sustenance for all Earth's sons
And there is still a morning sun to shine.

Oh, be not hopeless, grubber in the land!

Be not cast down, you men who crowd the mart;
This strange old planet needs your brain and hand,
Needs the strong sinew and the singing heart;
Blame not your Mother World, she does her best
For greedy millions, tugging at her breast.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette. *Jay G. Sigmund.*
March 1, 1932.

DAZZLED.

You stand in the doorway that opens my mind.
You sit by the grate that illumines my heart.
Too much looking on you has dazzled me blind
And I fail in the courage to make you depart.

I can never forget the bright tang of your voice
That opened the windows of heart and of soul.
For only your laughter can make me rejoice
And only your loving can render me whole.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice," June 10, 1932.

Lucia Trent.

LITTLE HOUSE THAT FOUND ME.

What did you dream of, little house,
when you lived in the wood by
the river,
gathering under your roof
music of robins
and secrets of birch-leaves
and prayers of the pilgrim water?

You could not know that one day
men were to come for you
and draw you slowly, slowly up
the hill,
over the bridge, to the rock where
you stand now.

There was no seer to tell you
that you were to find me there,
wandering homeless,
and keep me with you through
the years—

Until the day when men shall come
for me,
and carry me slowly, slowly away.

Will you grieve then, little house,
will you grieve—or will you smile,
and dream
of thrushes at dawn,
and a breeze waking the birches
over the river?

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.
"Choir Practice," April 8, 1932.

Charles Ballard.

PINE TREE.

(The Cross on which Our Lord suffered was of pine, according to an expert who made a microscopic examination of portions of the relics. Probably, then, a stone pine, which grows in the Mediterranean regions.)

Unhappy tree, who once were used so ill,
Destiny to fulfill,
Shorn
Of your green needles, sharp as His every thorn,—

Hewed and hacked and splintered, shaped to fit
That small but terrible pit,
Nails
Driven into your heart, where man impales
The Son of Man, the Son of God, yes, God
Himself, and then the sod
Red
Under your feet, where drop to the last drop bled,—

Unhappy tree! . . . Strange, yet I now know why
That day you did not die.
Your
Task was not spent with that investiture.

Thorn-sharp needles of your tears still fall
To give His Blood a pall,
Moss
Around your feet is shadowed by His Cross.

Yet these are tears of gratitude you wear,
Grateful that you had share,
Then,
In our redemption, till He come again.

And, ever-green, the color of hope, you raise
Your head, your arms always,
Green
Pointing not to our dread, to His bright demesne.

Resinous tree, to our frail bodies health,
You, with slow gracious stealth,
Bring
Health to the soul, our peace recovering.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Benjamin Musser.
"Choir Practice," March 2, 1932.*

JUNE DUSK.

The dusk comes to the Land of Little Hills
Gently, and with a soft and wooing grace.
It is a gentle country, and its face
Is calm. Deliberately the shadow fills
The small cupped valleys and spreads along the brown
Coiled river, and across the undulant bright
Young fields . . . Softly the tender young June night
Folds its hushed wings above the homely town.

And there is fragrance in the shadow where
Low voices of a girl and boy are blent
In words of parting and songs sad and old—
And all June nights this memory shall hold
As long as time shall keep the faint warm scent
Of crushed small roses twined in June-dusk hair.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Clifford Gessler.*
"Choir Practice," June 10, 1932.

A SCARLET SADDLE FOR PEGASUS. III.

"Dordi! Dovelo adoi!" . . . in her tongue
Are echoes remaining when bells have rung,
Are words in a *patteran*, soft and quaint . . .
(*Miduvel* knows that *I* wasn't a saint!)

She is only a child
 In a ragged gown
 That she probably stole
 From Midbury Town
When a Hawthorn hedge and an April wind
Were a restlessness for all of her kind,
 And the scent of the earth
 In a sudden rain
 Was a far voice calling . . .
 A sharpening pain
That would not be stilled till a gypsy man
Had his wife and childer within the *tan* . . .
 She is only a *chi*
 With a sudden flair
 For scarleted tall heels
 And binding her hair
Away from its tangle of thunder-cloud,
Close to a head that is willful and proud . . .
And swinging her hips in her ragged clothes
While she walks the tips of her tiny toes.

"Dordi! Dovelo adoi! . . . There! You see!"
(That was how another had come to me . . .)
"You will have many loves!"—holding my palm;
(While my mind raced back . . . but my face was calm) . . .

"Many ones, many ones
Have shed foolish tears,
But none of them held you
Through all these years
Since that line came there . . ." her childish chatter,
Taught her by *bebe* . . . what did it matter?
How could she know that a
 Girl a bit older,
With the same dark beauty,
 (I could have told her)
Loved me the space of a Devonshire Spring.
And left me the birds unable to sing . . .
 And now here was her ghost
 With the same strange flair
 For tall heels of scarlet
 And binding her hair
Away from its tangle of thunder-cloud
Close to a head that is stubborn and proud
As her mother's had been, and just as fine.
(Thank God she is lovely . . . *this child of mine!*)

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.
"A Line o' Type or Two."

Don Farran.

MIDNIGHT MOTHS.

Black moths of sable magic night clouds fall
On doorways green and red, and low and deep,
Wherein one hears the pattered noiseless creep
Of life that lives and breathes, yet hears no call
Of outside world; knows naught beyond that wall
Of silence, where the world is fast asleep,
In darkest mystery, stories there will keep
Forever, all their secrets past recall.

Strange odors permeating all the air,
While incense slowly curls up to the sky,
Where turquoise blue is set in fleecy clouds
That gently move from place to place; and where
There once was noise of ceaseless life, no cry
Now breaks the night, entwined in blackest shrouds.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *James Neill Northe.*
"Choir Practice."

THE ROSEWOOD MELODEON.

When Grandma Pierce awoke to find the sun
In golden patterns on her coverlet,
She thought she heard a sound like "Great Amen"
Float up the stairs from the melodeon.
"Imagination probably," she thought,
"Or dream too close to waking to be real."
But she'd arise, put on the starched percale,
Perhaps a flannel wrapper this morning,
The fall was here again in spite of her.
But when she looked beyond the woodshed door
And saw but one log left for winter fuel
She thought of plans for winter long delayed.
The cellar storehouse should be full by now:
Lavender turnips . . . beets for pickling down—
Pungent stuffed peppers . . . eggs in water glass.
Instead the empty crocks brought back the time
Their sealing wax and unbleached muslin tops
Protected quantities of gingered pear
And quince conserve and plum, that centered the
Long family table at Thanksgiving time.
But Grandma Pierce would have no feast this year:
Her trees were sterile and the chickens gone:
She'd had no strength to plant the garden sauce.
Her small supply of dollars in the bank
Were used for taxes: help for Lutie's boy,
Or brother Amos over at the Falls
Whose rheumatism had him down again.

She'd better save the solitary log . . .
Get breakfast anyway. There still were chips
Enough to fire the empty-oven'd stove.
Well, then . . . a pot of tea. Some tea remained,
A little sugar in the hobnail bowl,
A bit of wrapped bread in the japanned box.
"I'll eke out for another day or two,
For its own hoop binds every tub," she said.
Easing down softly in the maple chair . . .
"Another week and then the Tennant quilt,
Stitched in cathedral pattern, will be through:
I can't ask them for cash until it's done.
Then I'll have fire . . . and fresh New England stew!
A smaller thimble, wider quilting frames.
But then . . . I reckon I had better take
A few old pieces to the antique shop.

They've wanted the rosewood melodeon . . .”
She opened wide the corner cupboard door,
And took the Wedgwood platter to her breast:
Ran knotted fingers round its classic edge:
She handled, too, the old pink luster cups . . .
The crystal bread tray with “The Last Supper,”
The whirling caster and the pewter spoons.
Then she put on her black plush redingote . . .
The satin toque with pet-made wheat and oats,
Pressing the watered ribbon ties with hands
That trembled knotting them beneath her chin.
Reaching the loosened step before her house
The binding of her frayed silk skirt was caught
Upon the iron boot-scraper, throwing her,
The precious Wedgwood platter and the cups
Into a broken heap upon the walk.
“Pride came,” she said, “and tripped me. Guess I love
Earthly possessions far more than I should,
And now I’ll have to go on, anyway.”
She stopped at Teasdales on her way to town:
Her memory was failing. Where was she?
“Too bad you didn’t get here earlier,
We’d like to have you come another time:
The antique shop is only two more blocks.”

But Grandma Pierce returned exhausted to
Her own house, leaned against the iron-hinged door,
Breathing a sigh as though resigned to fate.
Her curved back bent again above the quilt:
She stabbed it with a trained and expert hand
With waving thread held taut above her thumb.
The needle when it pierced the tightened cloth
Made sounds like winter apples falling on
A rain-soaked ground among the yellow leaves.
But hunger that had weakened her thin frame
Was master now. She could no longer see
To thread the large-eyed needle any more.
Why was her first-born, John, so close today?
He who had died in prison, sent for theft
His mother’s faith had never believed guilt.
The time was long . . . almost her lifetime long . . .
Why had they never found the stolen funds?
“And his rosebush, the one I helped him plant
When he was six and wearing braid-trimmed kilts,
Bloomed out of season this year, when before
It was as timely as the equinox.”

She inventoried things that he had made:
The chest of drawers, the lyre-carved music rack
To stand beside the instrument he loved.
"I'll dust his things . . . for the last time, perhaps,"
She staggered for a moment, then dropped down
Upon the floor near the melodeon.
The faded gingham dust-cloth caught upon
Some odd protuberance . . . a rusty nail . . .
She pulled it, and a drawer not known before
Revealed itself with stacks of yellow coins:
And paper bills fit for a prince's store
Littered her lap and braided oval rug.
Could John have known? Could he have visioned this?
The picture of his mother dependent?

And then that instant, as she tried to raise
Her weary body on uncertain feet,
A chord of music came forth from the keys
No hand had touched for twenty years or more,
And there beside her stood the form of John.
She felt the knife-sharp twinge beneath her breast;
Closing her eyes she fell back to the floor,
A peace unspeakable lighting her face.
And when the neighbors found her there next day,
With golden coins scattered at her feet,
The Deacon Smalley said through his harelip:
"The way she worked . . . and helped her kith and kin,
Who would a thought . . . or would a ever dreamed
We had a miser living in our midst?"

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Rachel Mack Wilson.*
"A Line o' Type or Two," Nov. 9, 1932.

THE BABY.

There is nothing to be said;
Such a grief must walk unfriended.
Leave your helpless tears unshed;
There is nothing to be said.
Upon ravaged hearts and dead
Fall your words, however splendid;
There is nothing to be said;
It is ended; it is ended.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

Dorothy Kissling.

IS THIS A TIME FOR POETRY?

Is this a time for poetry?

For little word, for lovely sound,
When in the busy world of men

The wolves of hunger stalk around
The idle wheels of industry.

Is this a time for poetry?

When women walk a dreary way
And children cry for milk and bread
While crime grows bolder every day
Spurred on by life's necessity.

Is this a time for poetry?

I answer, "Yes." A time to sound
A word of hope, of cheer, of love
And spread the tiding all around,
God still is God and reigns above,
In ringing words of poetry!

The Charleston (S. C.) Post.

Mary Pollard Tynes.

SEEKERS

We each must hoard
When nights grow old
(And the best in us
Is spent or sold),
A dream that costs nothing
Except for the knowing
That man must envy
The river its flowing,
Its flowing that runs
Composedly free
. To bring a dream
To the heart of the sea.
For rivers must carry
A scrap of blue sky
To patch the green ocean
Before they run dry.
And man, too, must rush
(Who'll tell him where?)
To find haloes of gold
For his thinning hair.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.*
"A Line o' Type or Two."

GOSSIPING WITH GOD.

Last night
the neighbors sat around
and gazed upon your face;
they said you looked so fair
there in your silken shroud
and shawl of ivory lace.

Tonight
the neighbors are at home,
you lie beneath the sod . . .
listening to the autumn wind,
gossiping with God.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Lou Mallory Luke.*
"A Line o' Type or Two," Nov. 22, 1932.

THOSE WHO BREAK BREAD.

You came, like some soft wind at early night,
Swift recognition deep within your eyes;
And disbelief was there, a bright surprise
At finding one who mirrored back your light;
Some one to give you peace . . . that sweet content
Your soul went seeking far; and merriment
To flash across a sombre mood, a smile
Like something you no longer dreamed to see.
You rested here, you spent a little while.
(And that is how a friend once came to me.)

Would that the tale were finished there,
But I
Cannot forget that once I knew the way
 You broke within my armor, into my
Poor soul, and left it naked to the day;
While I, in trust, thought nothing you might do
Could ever change the way that I loved you.
There is a law that no man dare to break,
 A law of salt and bread that has no end . . .
But, for another's, more than for your sake,
 Illusion stays. And still I call you friend.

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Don Farran.*
"A Line o' Type or Two," Jan., 1932.

THE RAGGED, THE HOMELESS.

The homeless, the vagrant,
Who sleep beneath the stars ;
The dusty, the ragged,
You pass in your cars ;
The trampers, the hungry,
With wind-ruffled hair,
Who walk ever onward,
Whose goal is Nowhere—
At times look bewildered
Through space at the skies,
As if veils were lifting,
From their tired eyes.

And though it seems silly,
I like to believe,
Those homeless, those vagrants,
At times can perceive,
Through lowered lashes,
A face in the sun,
From which a voice whispers :
“Are you tired—my son?”

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.*
“A Line ‘o Type or Two.”

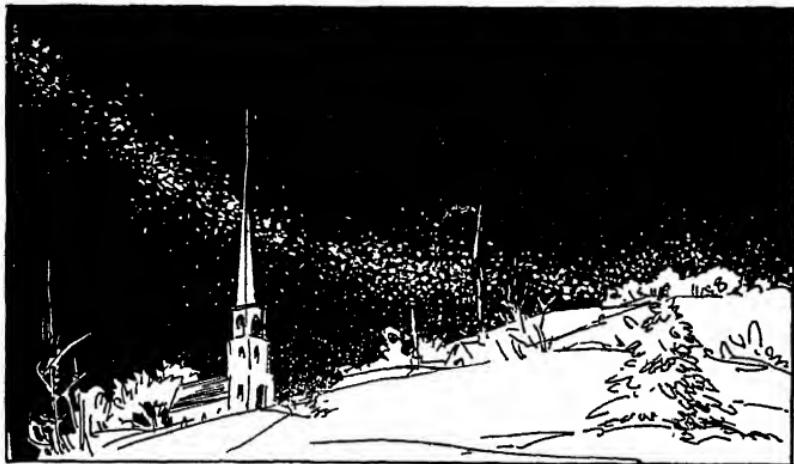
FAITH.

It's not the depression that made you poor,
For many were poor before ;
It's lack of Faith that pulls you down,
Not trouble at the door.
You may have beauty, health and wealth,
And land and golden store,
But without Faith all these are vain
And men will call you poor ;
For gold can melt and beauty fade
And drought your harvest claim,
But your Faith in God and your fellowman
Can always be the same.
. So lift your head and play the game
And life you'll understand ;
It isn't wealth that pulls you through,
It's Faith in God and man.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Virginia Lee Ward.

WHENE'ER AT NIGHT I GAZE.



Whene'er, at night, I gaze to solemn sky,
I see a brilliant necklace strung on high—
A chain of worlds to form that sparkling band,
And held within the hollow of God's Hand.

Each night each star assumes its wonted place,
And varies no iota its allotted space,
Where thousand million planets intersperse
Within the ordered orbits of the universe.

And as these pendant worlds in silence speed,
I humbly sit in reverential heed
Of God's unfathomed pow'r, revealed me by
The startling wonders of the evening sky.

Oh, cynic mockers, cast your thoughts upon
Each wondrous phase of this phenomenon,
For no one can, forsooth, an atheist be,
Who heeds the tale of God's astronomy!



*The New Canaan Advertiser.
September 28, 1932.*

Herman A. Heydt.

QUERY.

Don't say that even now there creep
 Long shadows on the lawn—
It seems but one rose-scented hour
 Since birdsong woke the dawn.

I meant to do a host of things:
 A little frock to hem,
And baby socks to fold and darn—
 A dainty heap of them.

I planned to sweep and dust today
 And bake a cherry pie—
I only briefly watched the thrush
 That taught her young to fly.

The pansies looking up at me
 Deserved a word or two,
And there were tender vines to train
 Before a high wind blew.

The yellow vested honey-bee
 Delayed me with its song,
And buds were opening in scores—
 Yet did I tarry long?

The far blue heavens lifted up
 My very heart at dawn,
And I have been so glad, but yet
 Where has the sweet day gone?

The Christian Science Monitor. Maude de Verse Newton.

TAPESTRIES.

The tapestry of summer
 Is suddenly gay with fall,
Woven on yellow warp threads
 To the tune of a brown thrush call.
Crimson and gold and umber—
 Hilltop and vale and plain—
Beauty beyond expressing,
 Autumn again.

The Christian Science Monitor.

Helen Maring.

COUNTRY THINGS.

I love to sing of country folks
And hear their singing too;
I love to listen to the jokes,
Though they may not be new;
There's something wholesome and profound
In country folks and country ground.

I love to sing of country brooks
Down in the wooded hills,
Away from boresome tasks and books,
From roaring streets and mills.
For country brooks with lilting strain
Sing me a song of youth again.

I love to sing of country ways
And roads that thread the scene,
The little lane that idly strays
Along the village green.
For country roads and lanes, I guess,
Are avenues to happiness.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

A. S. King.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Great men while living rear their monuments
With each unselfish act and noble thought.
His towers to the sky who shaped events
Of his far time so gloriously and wrought
So much with little, trusting high unseen
Omnipotence to guide him when his light
Was dimmed by suffering, and soldiers' lean,
Gaunt faces visited his dreams at night.
We know he builded well; like Liberty,
America's dear Goddess, his shaft shines
Before the world—a valedictory
To us, who are too prone to follow signs
And portents void of wisdom, which should stay
Our drifting hearts and counsel us to pray.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Mabel Posegate.

FUTILITY.

Some walked with you on shining roads
Where laughter filled the skies ;
On bitter trails we met ; I read
The secret of your downcast eyes.

But, always, you were hard and vain,
Too proud to share your woe ;
And I, the friend of lonely roads,
Could only sigh and go.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Dell H. Pace.

LIFE IS AN INN.

Life is an inn where all must stay—
Not long at most, some but a day.

How marvelous that we should be
Accorded so much courtesy,
When payment is a modest thing,
Determined by the coin we bring !

I'd like to feel that when I go,
My small apartment will not show
Rough usage, stains and needless scars,
Or any trace that really mars
The loveliness that greeted me.

Departing, I'll go happily,
If I may hold this thought in mind,
"All other guests have found me kind."

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

SILVER SAILS

(To one who waits)

If I should reach the Pier of Death
Before my ship is due,
Oh, may I bear the waiting hours
As gallantly as you !

You watch for Silent, Silver Sails,
Unmoved by pain's delay,
Convincing me, you'll journey home,
A safe and splendid way.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Grace Conner Harris.

GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers of the present day
Are not like those of old;
They do not sit in corners
And do what they are told.

They wear the prettiest kind of clothes,
And even bob their hair,
And some that we have read about
Have traveled in the air.

But there is one old-fashioned trait
To which grandmothers cling:
They love the little girls and boys,
In spite of everything.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

L. F. Mattox.

GOD'S GRACE.

I say, "Tis God holds out his hand,"
When we meet more than we can stand.

"A mechanism in the brain,
Defends as friend and keeps us sane?"

Let it be so! I do not care—
I know 'twas God who willed it there.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Nellie Sprague Mullikin.

THE COMMUNITY CHEST.

We used to call it Giving.
As from our surplus store
We aided ill and needy,
Nor thought of doing more.

But now we call it Sharing,
As comrades on the road
Divide their daily portions
And lift each other's load.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Laura M. Cobb.

THE WORLD IS BROKE.

The world is broke and so am I;
The outlook's blue;
The wise guys all are asking why
The scads have flew

And where; for anywhere you look
There's not a cent;
A dollar bill's so like a spook
'Twould scare a gent.

If in an alleyway he saw
Its shadow flit
He'd likely yell out loud for ma
And throw a fit.

I wish the dark, depressing cloud
Would eftsoon flash
The silver lining of the shroud
That hides the cash.

And drop some nickels from on high,
And start a "boom
Tarara" that would end the sky
And bust the gloom

That like a nightmare sits and gloats
Upon my chest,
And I might find some treasury notes
Inside my vest,

To give my unproved spirit wings
To fly where rhymes .
Are found to fit a song that sings
Out joyous chimes!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *John Cullenon.*

SLAVE-DRIVER.

Intolerance
Is a slave-driver
Who binds his victims
With the heavy chains
Of bigotry.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *William Allen Ward.*
Oak Cliff Edition, August 3, 1932.

WHEN BEAUTY CAME.

When Beauty came shivering,
Pinched with the cold,
I gave her the warm shawl
Which I had been told
To keep for the winter
When I should be old.

When Beauty came hungry
And crying for bread,
There wasn't a thing
In the world to be said;
I gave her my heart then,
That she might be fed.

When so much is given,
Well—why not the whole?
If Beauty should come again
Asking for dole,
I know that I could not
Refuse her my soul!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *B. Y. Williams.*

WHY HE STOOD IT.

Why do ye stand for the likes o' it, Pat,
Her scoldin' ye all day like that?"
Aisy, me lad, jist let 'er bawl,
Ye don't understand at all, at all.
Whin she praises me, sez I'm grand,
And jist the finest in the land,
I'm mis'rable inside and beat;
Makes me feel jist like a cheat,
Knowin' well meself to be
Naught but a worthless chimpanzee,
A low down, heartless cuss, ye see,
Unfit fer me angel's company.
But whin she up and tells the trut'
All mad and jist a little cryin'
I brace up, feel good and free,
Fer then I know she ain't quit tryin'
To make a decent man o' me.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *W. N. Hirst.*

WHO ARE THE BLIND?

I may not see a crimson dawn
Stain the white check of the morn,
Never dew upon the grass,
Nor the gold of ripening corn;
I may not see a sunset melt
Sweetly on the breast of night,
Nor a dome above me twinkle
With the hosts of starry light;
Never may I see a bluebird
Flash his splendor in the sun,
Or the moonbeam paint the hillside
When a summer day is done.

Yet—

I have heard a thrush singing,
While soft on the roof fell the rain,
And though I see not the minstrel,
I thrill at the dauntless refrain;
And if I see not the colors
That mantle the earth and the sky,
I hear the meaning
Of khaki and blue
As the serried ranks pass by.
Oh, I hear
The wondrous music
Of faithful marching feet,
And my heart—it follows the banner
Along the cobbled street.

My spirit rests in my shaded tent,
My heart holds a vision fair;
For only the tender, the true and the good,
Are faithfully mirrored there.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *Terry B. Dinkel.*

WELL OF SILENCE.

(Hokku)

My heart is thirsting
For the deep well of silence
That reflects all things.

The Hartford (Conn.) Courant. *Mary Owen Lewis.*

HER VISION WATCHED US

Your voice had ceased—I saw a dimming ray
Within your eyes, and silently we sat
While for a moment years were swept away . . .
A noise outside . . . and we resumed our chat,
And then again my eyes stared into space . . .
Our minds went groping through an ancient door;
My eyes were blinded, I forgot your face—
Forgot your presence till a clock chimed four.

We talked then, loudly, yet I cannot tell
One thing we said before I left you there.
My mind was pacing in a narrow cell,
And yours was climbing up an ancient stair . . .
For though we scarcely spoke Her name at all,
Her vision watched us, and we heard Her call.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Robert Schreffler.*
April 14, 1932.

MOTHER NATURE.

There must be something very near divine
In Mother Nature's heart to so confine
Her thoughts to noble things, like giving birth
To wondrous works of beauty, such as earth.

Her dainty woodland blossoms can compel
The pause of nature-lovers, in the dell;
Her songs that flood the valleys, cool and dense,
Can fill an hour with joys, supreme, intense.

Too often do the wild things far outgrow
Her first impulse; yet, may this not be so?
She feels that man, the image of his God,
Should tame, improve, the wild growth of the sod.

No doubt old Mother Nature marvels too
At splendid works of art our mortals do;
Yet, she must know it is a plan of Fate,
For man to feel the urge to imitate.

What hand can reproduce a starlit sky?
God's mode of blending colors, who shall try?
The secret is old Nature's cherished scheme,
To keep life mystical, so man will dream.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Theressa M. DeFosset.*
July, 1932.

THE SAMPLER.

In a dark dust covered attic
A sampler was found one day;
One side was just a mass of knots,
In colors once bright and gay.

The other side read, "God is Love,"
In letters bold and clear,
Of silken thread in perfect line,
Spoke of our Savior dear.

One side of life is just a maze
Of tangled care and woe,
But, too, there is the brighter side,
And God is love, we know.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. Ethel Titus Worthen.
Nov., 1932.

A PLEA.

The music of a lute or lyre
Can set my lagging pulse afire.
It's rhythmic beat though strumming low,
Brings to my heart a fancied glow
As on a hearth whose embers gleam,
Although the blaze is gone. Sweet dream
That wakes when humming lute or lyre
Has set my sleeping pulse afire,
Come to me through the shadowed gloom
And brighten up my lonely room.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mary E. Schanck.
June 19, 1932.

MEDITATION.

Shall I, if I should live to be
As old as an October tree,
Hold beauty half as rich and rare?
Have sunshine in my heart and hair,
And stand unbowed before the wind,
Knowing the peace that comes behind
The chilly and the stinging blast?
Though I stand stripped of leaves at last,
Shall I, when every leaf shall fall,
Still listen for the bird's clear call?

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Mildred Maralyn Mercer.

ANGELS' PRAYERS.

Sometimes I think the angels know
Just how life deals with men below,
And watching there, they breathe a prayer
To lift the loads we sometimes bear;
For I have seen the sunlight fall
Without a warning ray at all!
Just suddenly shot through the gray
Of clouds to make a fairer day.
So I have felt my spirits rise
Like some glad echo of surprise!
Perhaps the angels prayed for me
To look at life more cheerfully!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mildred Schanck.*
July 18, 1932.

BRING ME GAY BITTERSWEET

Bring me gay bittersweet, fresh from the wood
To place on the mantel where candles once stood;
And bring me enough for the vase of old blue,
To trail down the sides, as you'd have it do.

Bring from the woods the gay bittersweet
To make in dull winter a pleasant retreat;
Its little red tapers dispel all the gloom
With the sunshine imprisoned in each tiny bloom.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Hazel Shinn Krumm.*
Nov. 27, 1932.

EVENING REVERIE.

I saw the sun's last glory in the skies,
I saw cloud-mountains, castles white and fair;
And mirrored pools where pictured beauty lies,
When suddenly a Hand was writing there
In silvered letters sharp and clear.

Belshazzar trembled when upon a wall
Letters of fire condemned the sons of men;
But love seemed written in the sky for all . . .
And understanding hearts grew quiet then
Knowing that God was near.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Hilda Marie Green.*
Aug. 9, 1932.

SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

The sun, climbing down from the top of the sky,
Stares wide-eyed and red at the scene;
He visions the lake and the boats floating by,
And its borders of vanishing green.

And, pausing a moment in playful repose,
He picks up his brushes with zest,
And paints with the brightest of colors he knows
The clouds all afloat in the west—

Bright gold for the edge of the fleeciest shreds,
Rich gold for the centers of blue,
With splashes of turquoise and crimsons and reds
That stream down to me and to you.

They touch, too, the watery face of the lake,
A-wrinkled a bit by the breeze—
Art gold of the finest Etrurian make—
And gild, too, the green of the trees.

And yonder is cloud-stuff, black, heavy and dread,
Aloof from the others so gay,
All ready, it seems, for the needle and thread
To fashion the shroud of the day.

A spectacle this that no art can conceive;
No artist would paint it, and sign;
And, seeing on canvas, no man would believe—
Mere man cannot grasp the divine.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Osman C. Hooper.*
October 3, 1932.

AN ODE TO MODERNITY.

I liked you
Because you were modern.
I admired your
Frank decisions,
I thought that was your big appeal for me,
But, alas, these selfsame qualities
Now have torn my heart
And left me
Lost.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Lexie Jean Lowman.*
Oak Cliff Edition, October 10, 1932.

FATHER TO HIS SON.

Listen, my son, from one who has lived,
It's always important to know how to die;
Roll up your sleeve and hit with your fist—
Look life, my boy, straight in the eye.

It's easy to wear a rose in your coat,
It's easy to laugh when things are okay;
But learn how to take a lick on the chin—
There's plenty of thorns along life's way.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *William Allen Ward.*
Oak Cliff Edition, May 2, 1932.

FOR A FLOWER GIFT.

Here in my room
A bit of bloom
Breathes tenderly
Your love for me;

Straight from my heart
Like cupid's dart
My love as true
Swift flies to you;

I have no choice
My thought to voice,
Save in dull tone
Of words alone;

Were gratitude
With wings endued,
Mine would arise
Unto the skies;

Is there no earth
A thing of worth
Wherein I may
This debt repay?

Though small it seem,
Still would you deem
As guerdon fair—
A grateful prayer?

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Louis J. Harrington.*
Oak Cliff Edition, March 29, 1932.

SHADOWS

Sometimes the clinging shadows steal
 The sunbeams from a happy heart;
And restless days of life reveal
 The poignant, aching smart
Of cruel tears, that fill a soul
 With floods of trickling agony.
And so it was that grief took toll
 From One, who knew on Calvary,
More pain than this! The drops He shed
 Were Tears of Life His Spirit bled,
To ease the hours of agony
 That shadows sometimes bring to me.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mildred Schanck.*
Nov. 14, 1932.

MY FORTUNE.

If I could sit and think and write
And make my fortune overnight,
Inditing what you want to read,
But never giving thought to read,
To what my words might do to you—
I wouldn't do it, nor would you.

If I could buy a grocery store
And make my fortune and some more
By selling goods of any kind,
But never having aught in mind
Of what those goods might do to you—
I wouldn't do it, nor would you.

If I could take what I have got
And make my fortune on the spot,
By using wit and common sense,
By saving odds and ends and pence,
Without a thought of recompense—
I wouldn't do it, nor would you.

Oh, no, for fortune to be real,
Must be in what we are and feel,
And life is not to get, but give,
In order that some one may live.
So here I see what's really true
My fortune's made in making you.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition, May 15, 1932.

F. J. Earl.

TWO VISIONS.

I stood beside a field of ripened grain
And saw a world without enough to eat;
Unnumbered children weakened from the strain
Of gnawing hunger. Men that walked the street
From early dawn until the close of day;
They did not beg, they only asked to be
Allowed to work. The right to earn their way
Without our systemed alms or charity.

Once more I stood beside a field of grain
And saw another world. Men everywhere
Had work to do. There was no haunting pain
Of poverty, for each one had a share;
And in the doorways happy children played.
Peace walked abroad the land—grim fear had fled—
Dear God, for this our yearning hearts have prayed,
That men have work and little children bread.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Virginia Eaton.*
September 28, 1932.

TWO HUNTERS.

He was so strong, courageous and alive,
Bore manhood with such frank and knightly air
There was no need for him to sweat and strive,
Life's gifts were his, however dear and fair.

Right sturdily he shouldered gun that day—
The merriest among a group of friends;
His was the shot that felled the buck at bay
And his the triumph such a feat attends.

With skillful knife the quarry then he dressed
(Nor sensed that other hunter drawing near)
And laughed just as the bullet found his breast,
Sped by a stranger stalking the same deer.

How subtly Destiny contrived this whim:
That while he hunted game, Death hunted him!

The Dallas (Texas) Morning News. *Lucie Gill Price.*
February 14, 1932.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

'Tis not a day just set apart for pleasure,
For noise and merry-making, pomp and show;
But may we have in ever growing measure
The spirit of that day, so long ago—

When our forefathers pledged, in convocation,
Reserving but the right to happiness,
Their fortunes, lives and honor to their nation,
Through Brotherhood, can you and I do less?

The right to live, our happiness pursuing,
So that another's loss be not our gain;
As we this pledge of service are renewing
Each year, we too will not have lived in vain.

The Cumberland (Md.) News. *Sara Roberta Getty.*

SPRING.

A time for the fruiting of plum trees,
A leafing time, too, for the rose,
A time for the calling to neighbors
Across the new sprouting hedge rows.

A time for the planting of zinnias,
I'll put a new rose cutting here,
A time to show faith by our planting—
'Tis spring then each day of the year.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *Minnie Roberts Dreesen.*
Oak Cliff Edition, May 20, 1932.

SONG FOR ESTELLE.

The poet's pen will finally thrust
Its grief and laughter into dust,
And all the singing words it spread
Be hushed among the silent dead.

The skylark will forget the hour
It paused above a summer flower,
But all the songs that poets wrote
Live in your young retentive throat.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Cecilia Maloney.*
"Random Shots," September 27, 1932.

LONELY.

What matter if hibiscus flowers fling
Their scarlet blossoms toward the azure sky,
What matter if the gentle breezes bring
Exotic perfumes when I can but sigh?
Each perfect moon that rises from the sea
Inviting lovers out beneath its beams,
Now draws no happy word nor thought from me
But adds a poignant sadness to my dreams.

We met beneath the lacy palms one night
With spell of moon and flowers—Ah! what bliss,
Her lovely face aglow with filtered light
As we embraced in that first perfect kiss.
O, cruel fate! That she is here no more,
And I am left alone upon the shore.

The Dallas (Texas) Journal. *R. Linn Crockett.*
Oak Cliff Edition, September 3, 1932.

MY HEAVEN.

What does it matter, dear,
Ten rooms or two?
If we find happiness,
All the days through.

Castle or tumbledown,
Either will be
Heaven, if I may but
Dwell there with thee.

Knowing the heart-glowing
Warmth of thy smile,
Feeling thy rapturous
Presence the while.

Sharing life's joy and its
Sadness, dear heart,
Walking beside thee till
Death do us part.

Castle or tumbledown,
Either will be
Heaven, if I may but
Dwell there with thee.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Dorothy Howells Walker.*

THINGS.

When I was just a little girl,
I held a world of things.
My room a castle, dolls were babes,
And I had ruby rings;
And bracelets studded with real pearls,
And brooches made of gold.
But all of these are in my dreams,
And none to have or hold.

Still in my childish mind
They were both beautiful and real;
And from my thoughts these wondrous things
No crafty thief could steal.
But now possessions that I have
I needs must hide away;
And fight and scheme and plot and plan.
Lest someone steal my prey.

I often wonder if t'would be
Much better for me now,
If all the worth-while golden things
Were in the mind, somehow.
Oh, I'd love to live in castles high,
And move in drowsy dreams;
Build transient fantasies as frail
As toy boats on a stream.

But I shall wave away my crowns,
My robes too good for kings;
Bid farewell to my tender hopes,
To live my life of things.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition, March 1, 1932.*

Elaine Bassett.

CHORALE.

No other music equals this paean of the trees:
A choir of eucalypti, singing in the breeze.
Antiphonal, a farther grove wafts forth a clear reply,
Symphonic praise of wind and rain and earth and kindly
sky.

*The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
June 17, 1932.*

Elinor Lennen.

THE AVIATRIX.

Sweet maiden, do not tempt the sky,
For danger lurks with those who fly,
You're hazarding your life, dear girl,
For you are of great price, the pearl.

There's no certainty when you sail,
And count your lot with wings and tail,
That worthy plane, though splendid now,
May fail you in the air you plow.

To imitate the eagle thou,
And spread your golden wings I trow,
Afar, through space ride on, and round,
Upon the lovely world, look down.

The ocean is a treacherous fair,
But you, dear one, would sail on air,
Take the world, it is better here,
For honors, fame, less risk, my dear.

You brilliant bird with colors gay,
Such art display, along your way,
But oh! If you should fail my dear,
Stay on the land, its safer here.

I'd sooner, like the turtle pace,
Than try to fly, with artful grace,
Though he is slow, he knows he's safe,
Dear; thwart the danger, quit the race.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal. Mrs. Susan A. Garrison.
Oak Cliff Edition, January 1, 1932.*

TO THE WINNER.

You invaded my heart like a rebel
For hostage took all—and made flight
Trampled my dreams and then left me
As some city sack'd in the night.

How does it feel to be victor
To know you have battled and won?
I wouldn't think taking an unarmed fort
Could be so very much fun.

*The Dallas (Texas) Journal.
Oak Cliff Edition, June 22, 1932.*

Elaine Bassett.

VENETIAN SUNSET.

The shades of light were falling toward the east
While Venice, silent city of the sea,
Lay dressed in powdered gold for autumn's feast
And caught in beauty's net for you and me.

Transcendent was my soul as I beheld
The liquid labyrinths in golden sun
And saw old marble palaces upheld
By brilliant sunset, as man's work was done.

And woven looms of life long in the tomb
Were souls of mystery from "Books of Gold"
Who prayed in poems, painted in the gloom
And are forgotten, thus the tales are told.

O, jeweled barge, set in an ether sea,
You fill my eyes with mist, it's God I see!

*The Dallas (Texas) News.
Oak Cliff Edition, October 9, 1932.*

Bertram Day.

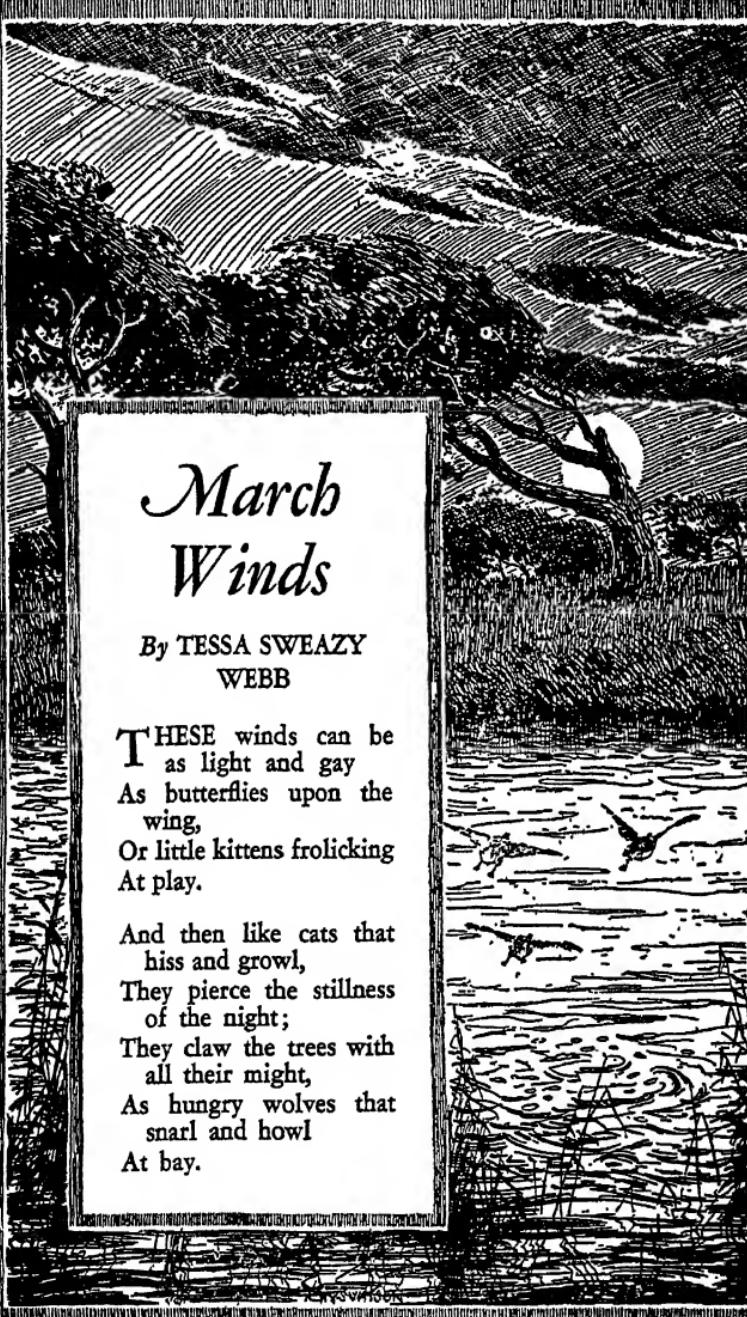
LONGFELLOW.

(Fiftieth anniversary of Longfellow's death, March 24, 1932.)

He wanted more than all to leave behind
A "tower of song" where sleeping words could stir
Beneath an artist's brushes, from the blur
To paint strange pictures on the transient mind;
A "tower of song" where one might go and find
A flash of beauty where no sounds occur
To split the silence where the gods confer
And Muses keep their precepts not unkind.

Though Time has seized its toll of day and year
Along these halls the sad Evangeline
Seeks for her missing Gabriel, and here
John Alden and Priscilla leave their sign;
And here by Minnehaha's falls, yet known,
Is Hiawatha struck in deathless stone.

*The Detroit (Mich.) News. Helen Janet Miller.
"Random Shots," March 24, 1932.*



March Winds

*By TESSA SWEAZY
WEBB*

THESE winds can be
as light and gay
As butterflies upon the
wing,
Or little kittens frolicking
At play.

And then like cats that
hiss and growl,
They pierce the stillness
of the night;
They claw the trees with
all their might,
As hungry wolves that
snarl and howl
At bay.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Tessa Sweazy Webb.

TUMULT.

It cannot be that I can walk along
With bundles in my arm and steady tread,
And never laugh aloud nor lose my head,
While all my heart is running wild with song—
It cannot be no one in all this throng
Can hear the thunder of the things you said
Over my bundles and my loaf of bread,
Nor see the way I tremble—who am strong.
And should the sound have reached them of your word—
A pleasant bidding of the time o' day—
And if my casual answer had been heard—
A nodding “Yes,” to what you had to say—
They'd call the tumult in my heart absurd—
Yes, even you, who spoke and went your way.

The Detroit (Mich.) News. *Cecil Rives Dudley.*
“Random Shots,” July 27, 1932.

CALL OF THE WEST.

The golden sun sets like a gem
‘Midst snow-capped Cascades of the west,
And silver streamlets born in them
Leap onward toward the ocean’s crest.

Each singing loudly nature’s song
Each pealing joy through dale and fen
Where western breezes carry on
A welcome to the sons of men.

Like giants towering toward the moon
Are trees that kiss an azure sky,
And nod sedately to the loon
Who laughs aloud his vacant cry.

Like sapphire gems the icy lakes
Make soft the blackness of the night,
And peal through every wave that breaks
Joy to the wanderer in his flight.

Oh nature loving, seeking man!
Let every courtesy express
The joy of God, in nature’s plan,
Her simple, wholesome, loveliness!

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *John Allison Haining.*
“Tom Cannon’s Flue Dust,” September 3, 1932.

A BABY DIED!

Our nation's head today is bowed in shame,
We hesitate to lift our eyes and see
The stars and stripes, that to the world proclaim
 The land of truth, a nation brave and free.
For freedom is a thing we cannot know,
 While human beasts can safely prowl about,
And snatch a sleeping babe, and swiftly go
 Back to the dark from which they came, and flout
Their crime! We weep, but must do more than weep,
 This is no time for tears, work must be done,
A mighty task is ours if we would keep
 Our nation's honor, now so nearly gone,
A baby died! A nation must arise!
 Or fear the wrath of Heaven from the skies!

The Enid Morning News. *Helen Parkinson Neal.*
May 15, 1932.

SPRING SNOW.

The land of the rock and the running stream
 Is feeling the stir of youth again,
As the sea on the beach lays a gentler hand,
 And the mountains loosen their icy chain.

The pear tree whitens the wayside farm,
 The willows brighten, the maples glow,
By the rising sap every bud is thrilled,
 And man's heart beats to the pulse below.

Then a dawning breaks when the world is numb.
 The pear tree blossoms with snow are filled,
The sky-blue lake has an ice-splintered heart,
 With youth's first sorrow the world is filled.

But no lingering winter can rob the world
 Of the great rebirth. Soon the melting snow
From the opening buds stir the grass beneath,
 As tears late shed urge new hopes to grow.

For these hazed-hills nourish hardy life,
 Where spring meets winter to pause halfway;
And New England earth, like the guarded heart,
 Finds joy but sweeter for brief delay.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Louise F. Elmendorf.*
"The Poet's Corner," May 10, 1932.

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

If you come here,
If you stay there,
Flowers you'll see
Most everywhere.

Some are pretty and some are not.
It seems to me,
Flowers having the best of care
Are the prettiest in the lot.

Children, too, like lovely flowers,
Are sent to bless this world of ours;
Transplanted from the fields above—
Flowers and children are made to love.

The Fort Payne (Ala.) Journal. Myrtle H. McCormack.

AGIOCHOOK.

The Spirits of the Indian tales
Have claimed another prey.
Two out of three adventurers
Found Death upon their way.
The third, who fought the storm and cold
And won despite the odds,
Must wear through all his haunted days
The brand of hostile gods.

We try to civilize the peak
And tame it to our hand.
We named it for our Chief of Men,
The Father of our land.

But Spirits of the Indian Age,
Who held the tribes in fear,
Cling fondly to their ancient home
And rule it half the year.

When timbered sides and treeless crest
Are drenched in summer sun,
The mountain may be kind to you.
It then is Washington.

But when it shrouds itself in white
Against the eyes of men,
Avoid it as you would the Plague!
It is Agiochook then.

The Franklin (N. H.) Journal-Transcript.

February 11, 1932.

Claribel Weeks Avery.

AUTUMN.

A riot of colors, gold, russet and red,
The blue of the sky like a bowl overhead,
A grey, laden fence where the tumbleweed rolled
For a line of defense 'gainst winds, bleak and cold.

Tall trees that are whipped till they sigh in despair,
While the gay colored leaves drift about in the air,
Till a carpet is spread that brings joy to the heart,
For the elves of the woodland have all had a part
In preparing the warp and the woof of the whole
In a beautiful scene to enrapture the soul.

There's a great flock of sky-rooks who debate in the pines,
While a hawk soars above as though guarding the lines.
Fresh furrows turned straight and black, deep and long ;
The bugle-like notes of the meadowlark's song.
Near at hand, like the tents of an army at rest,
Stand the neat shocks of corn, in soft khaki dressed,
And the glow of the straw-piles that burn in the night,
While the gay summer months bivouac in their flight,
Sends a welcoming gleam of light o'er the land
Like a flash of delight for the winter at hand.

A riot of color, a fringe of blue smoke ;
A fog-bank that gleams like a silvery cloak ;
A rollicking, frolicking, glittering stream
That washes the red cedar roots till they gleam.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. John Allison Haining.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust," September 22, 1932.*

ON AWAKENING.

The dreaming was so lovely
And seemingly so true
I only thought of happiness
And not a thing to rue.

And yet the waking hours
Brought sadness, even pain
But memory of my dreaming
Came back with joy again.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Courant.
March 6, 1932. Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*

MARCH ON!

Shoulder your burden, comrade
What though the way be long?
Ever the distance shortens
To the gay lilt of song.

Shoulder your burden, comrade,
Now let the music start,
Many a foot grows weary
Dragging a heavy heart.

Shoulder your burden, brother,
Now we have caught the stride,
Forgetting woes, or heartaches,
Traveling side by side.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

Clara Edmunds Hemingway.

"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust," May 27, 1932.

THE RIVETERS.

Steam,—smoke,—blaze.
Fire,—heat,—haze.
Deafening thud of the steel;
How must a riveter feel?

To-da-dot-dot-will the noise never stop?
Ta-da-dot-dot-till they gets to the top.

Clank,—crash,—zoom!
Beam,—derrick,—boom!
Maddening blows that repeat,
Clatter disturbing the street.

Clam-or-ing ham-mer-ing, voice of the steel,
Rauc-ous-ly ech-oing-peal, upon peal.

Twirl,—toss,—catch.
Aim,—sight,—snatch.
Sure that his hand never swerves,
Spinning his spirals and curves.

Dodg-ing—the iron as it flies past his head.
A riv-er-er knows neither danger nor dread.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Virginia Lawson.

"The Poet's Corner," May 10, 1932.

THERE IS ROMANCE.

There is romance
In common things.
The well-browned loaf
Of housewife's art
The well-cut coat
The neat-turned shoe
The green-tilled field
The rich black hue
Of miner's yield.
A snowy wash upon the line
The hungry brood at even-time.
A hero's halo can shine
Through
Each little task of yours or mine
If done with a contented heart
It brings romance to common things
And lends the drudge an angel's wings.

The Hamilton (Ohio) Journal. Florence Ralston Werum.

TO YOU NEXT DOOR.

Thank you for your apple tree
That like a neighbor smiles at me.

Foam 'o'f blossoms white and sweet
Surging close to my retreat.

Springtime beauty and perfume
Reaching for me in my room.

Rosy cups for drunken bees,
Petals drifting where they please.

Sprays that rest against the air
Like fairy garlands hanging there.

Miraculous as it can be
This thrilling vision that I see!

(But tell me, do you think it nice
To steal a tree from Paradise?)

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times.
"The Poet's Corner," May 24, 1932.*

Marion Short.

HUMAN NEED.

Nothing to do but be a bum
I know—Oh! yes—but then
One day was he the babe of some
Fond mother—yes, and when
She nourished him upon her breast
What thanks she lisped that she was blest
With such a baby boy
Her baby—baby joy.

Nothing to do but be a bum
I met him on the street
Today and cold, for snows had come
I saw his ill shod feet.
The wind blew hard upon his throat
He clinched his buttonless old coat
There shivering with chill
Just needed a mother still.

Nothing to do but be a bum—
I thought I heard him speak
To th' blast perhaps, which now had come
Making the wind more bleak—
No man would bid him how-d'-ye-do
From all of the passing crowd; he knew
One's state can friendship kill
Beyond what frosts can chill.

Nothing to do but be a bum
But yet—for all o' that
My heart aches so whene'er I come
Across a chap laid flat
I want to take him by the hand
God knows I do—for understand
He needs—man always will—
Some love like mother's still.

The Harbor Springs Graphic.
July 7, 1932.

Charles A. Heath.

INLAND FOGS.

Lonely little wisps of fog
That wander on the land
Are restless souls of seafolk
Homesick for the sand.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.

Helen Miller Lehman.

ATHEIST'S ADMISSION.

There must be something else
Besides a sanded curve of shore
With tangled shells and seaweed ;
There must be something more.

A tree with icy lacquer,
That catches lost moon stains,
Is not its own creator
Or caused by silver rains.

A band of crimson sunset,
Which streaks the limpid sky,
Flames only for a moment
Before the colors die.

There must be something else
Besides a rainbow spring from sod,
A thing that wills this beauty ;
I think men call it—God.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Margaret Kowalewski.
February 16, 1932.

HAWAIIAN DAYS.

My friend, the treasured days have not been wasted,
Wherein we laughed and leapt the silver stream,
And reveled in the happy hours that hasted
As in a dream.

The crescent of the mangoes ; thrushes calling
Above the velvet valleys, coolly clear,
Red earth, small nodding ferns, and guavas falling
And dropping near.

The trilling of a cricket from a mountain
Beyond the heaven's margin, strangely sweet ;
Glass balls, or sunlight from a golden fountain
Upon our feet.

What once has been will be a bright hereafter—
Green moss, some lizards, or a slippery rock ;
Unto this hour, this fellowship and laughter
Will light the dark.

The Honolulu (T. H.) Star Bulletin. Charlotte Baldwin.
May 27, 1932.

CRISIS.

Long winds with rain
Beat their sharp whips
Across our eyes;
Cold winds and icy rain, rain,
Beat in a hurricane
Against the brain,
Make mute the wails upon the quivering lips,
And thresh like flails the shivering flesh.

Long winds and rain
Enwrap with night plain and height,
Where we, princes of mirth,
And of a servile earth
Conquerors and kings,
Lost, crying, in a jungle
Of multiplying things,
Wrange, or white with fright
Huddle, in bleak alarm
At the dark, the dark, and the storm.

We would not fear so much
If the storm had not tongues!
We would not fear so much
If the dark had not hands!
The tongues utter "Tomorrow!"
And mutter of sorrow and wrongs.
The hands like a vice clutch a shoulder
And leave it colder than ice.

Our follies and our sins
Have found us out.
Our dreams are put to rout.
Now the atonement begins.

This is the end of ease.
This is the end of shimmering levities;
Of magic horns that pour
Luxuriant store into rat-ridden barns.
This is the end of scorn's
Mocking of them that plod.
Behind a glistening door
Chance turns no more a dazzling wheel
Or pipes the dance that made our bodies reel.
This is the end of august lotteries.
The fires ascend

From the bright haunts of our idolatries.
But now it is the god who burns.
Dazedly to the sea the priests descend.
This is an end,
A precipice, a black abyss
To set the senses spinning,
An end, this is an end;
An end, and a beginning.

Long winds and rain lash on our lips
The fierce disdain of pitiless whips.
Across the brain in scarlet gashes
Sweep, sweep the wild lashes,
The long winds and the rain,
The steady earth shakes
And the hearth breaks,
Vales crack and swing and mountains agonize,
Familiar trails heave and uprise,
It is a fearful thing when an age dies.
This is an end
With ghosts and white skulls grinning.
This is an end,
This is an end,
An end—
And a beginning.

Torment asunder
Tears the sick earth.
It is a breathless wonder
When an age comes to birth,
New voices, calling, chanting change;
New choices, bright, appalling, strange.
Thoughts that are forces,
Fierce and fleet,
Plunging like untamed horses
Along the crowded street.
New cities and new men;
New pities and new pain.
New gods, new visions,
New rods, new derisions!
New worship and new scorning!
Morning! And spring! And wide gates opening
New tongues in thunder
Hailing a new earth!
It is a breathless wonder
When an age comes to birth.

Long winds and rain from icy spaces
Our thinning garments rend and, dinning,
Beat in our faces—hear it!—beat
The cold refrain of defeat.
Sustain your spirits and apprehend!
There is a richer winning!
This is an end,
This is an end,
An end,
And a beginning.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Hermann Hagedorn.*
"The Poet's Corner," July 12, 1932.

DID YOU?

You say, "she said,"
 But did you hear her say it?
You say, "she did,"
 But did you see her try it?

"Know thyself," and let
 The rest be "saying"—
You and I will bow
 Our heads for a little praying.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Lucia C. Brown.*
"The Poet's Corner," March 22, 1932.

"HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE NOT KNOWN."

In secrecy the trees receive
The silent, falling rain;
In secrecy the quiet clouds
Leave snow upon the plain.

In secrecy, the flower waits
To spring, unseen, to light;
And through the covering wings of gloom,
The stars awake tonight.

In secrecy, God works alone
In the garden of the mind;
And picks a rose of faith and prayer,
The world will never find!

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Mary Alethea Woodward.*
"The Poet's Corner," Sept. 13, 1932.

ONE MORE TIME.

“Just one more time!” she said
And she knew her words were a song
Of a chanter of dreams who shed
Delight as she winged along.

“Just one more time!” she said
And she knew she could know not why
We fail when our hearts have bled
No matter how bravely we try.

Just one more time she tried
And a rainbow appear in the sky
In hues that are destiny-dyed
For mortals who try and try.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Irl Morse.

REVOLT.

I want not the glances or grimaces
From nudging, stupid folk who make smooth faces;
Nor haughty looks from small localities
That pass one by trying somehow to freeze.
Nor do I hope for sympathy from those
Whose brows frown down—above an up-turned nose—
Impressive with a suave, disdainful pride
Of gay hauteur. Nor would I try to hide
My soul in smugness prevalent—as found
In idle gossip spiteful with the sound
Of women’s voices of an afternoon,
Play-acting while tinkling a silver spoon.
For I shall find my own sailing the sea
Down where the Southern Cross shines over me;
And here the threnodies the oceans sing
Filling my soul with joy these songs must bring.
Give me some distant space wherein to walk
Instead of endless superficial talk!
My home the world; I have no need for those
Who preen on pride—who would forever pose.
Away with all man’s artless puppetry—
Once more I listen to the singing sea!
Life’s shallow praise I neither want nor heed
While I hold beauty sacred as my creed.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Caroline Parker Smith.*
April 19, 1932.

RETURN.

I lift up my eyes to the mountains,
The eyes that have yearned in vain
For the comforting strength of their presence
In a meaningless reach of plain.

A peace flows over my spirit—
A confident hold on God—
The immutable God of the mountains,
Who molds a man from a clod.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Elizabeth Newman.*
November 15, 1932.

WINGED TREE.

Great Moses saw a bush in flame
And hailed it as divine.
Jehovah spoke and called his name,
And God speaks, too, from mine.

Where merely leaves all summer long
Had meekly cloaked its boughs
Are brilliant wings that need no song
To make the soul arouse.

The Hartford (Conn.) Times. *Ralph Cheyney.*
"The Poets' Corner," November 15, 1932.

TROPIC SEA.

Oh, velvet slipp'd sea with salty tread,
That beats upon the white fantastic sands ;
Whose face to stubborn winter has not bled,
Nor felt the crinkled frost of temperate lands.
Oh thou, whose only books have been the moon,
Dark headed palms, gold warmth, and brittle shells,
The flash of silver scales in blue lagoon,
Where elfin sea weeds swing like little bells.

A peace is here that never dies, I know ;
So wrought of Love's conceiving, and the breath
Spun out of Beauty. Never more will blow
The stark Atlantic winds in leaden death
Against my heart with gloomy, chilly plea,
For now I kneel before another sea.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin. *Charlotte Baldwin.*
February 27, 1932.

TRAILS.

Along the trails of wonder my heart is roaming still,
Bonds of frailest magic twine me close to lilting rill;
Where the silver shadows tumble my eager feet go by,
Beneath the bridge at sunset fleeting fancies dance and lie.
The trails are bonnie, bonnie, stretching through the
heather bloom,
The mist creeps up encroaching, and, above, the tawny
moon;
The curlew's cry is haunting on the blood-red vacant
moor,
Fairy strains of music fall with strange, enticing lure.
Oh, all the trails are bonnie, by forest or by stream,
And out upon the billows where the silv'ring shadows
gleam;
Oh, trails of sweetest memories—sparkling with delight,
God grant us happy landings as shadows merge in to the
night.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin.
"Down to Cases," May 19, 1932.

George McKinlay.

YUAN-A-ME.

Yuan-a-me embroiders robes—
Robes of the Fire Bird
And the Fang Shen turtles.
Peach blossoms flutter about her
Like pink butterflies
Pattering shadows upon her knees.
One small petal has dropped upon her breast.
Her hands are five-petalled stars threading sunbeams,
Her ears, the pearl-white of dew-drops,
Her eyebrows, very young moons.
Yuan-a-me sits weaving,
Threading jasper
Into shadowy brocades,
Into twisted branches
That grow sweeter under her touch.
Her needle flashes
Splintering emerald
Into clusters of pines
That open and throw shadows,
That criss-cross into moss, soaked in dew.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin. *George Scott Gleason.*

THE NATION'S CHILD.

(Baby Charles Augustus Lindbergh.)

And now, in truth, you are the nation's child—
The barren claim you for their very own,
And aged women with their offspring flown,
Your pictured face their lonely hours beguiled.

Though grief, at first, cannot be reconciled,
And brave hearts smile to stifle sob and moan,
But crime, at last, will topple from its throne,
For beauty lives though ravaged and defiled.

Though fiends have wrought their fury on your form,
Your spirit like a golden dream will stay,
And like the sun that follows after storm
Lend radiance and glory to the day,
And clothed in light it seems our eyes discern
Eternal childhood rising from your urn.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star.
May 22, 1932.

Margaret E. Bruner.

RETURN.

The thrush is here again;
From the top of the tallest tree
Cascades a silvery rain;
And through fast-greening aisles
Where twilight, sun-splashed, smiles
Flows crystal melody
O'erbrimmed with ecstasy;
Joy's improvised fanfare;
Phrases of adoration;
Rapture flung on the air
In liquid pearls
And fluted whorls;
Mystical meditation;
Riot of bloom
Woven on a lyric loom—
Hope
Reborn in hearts of men:
The thrush is here again!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Eleanor M. Denny.

IN A WEARY MOMENT.

I'm tired of things and of places,
And even more tired of dreams.
I wish I might lie on earth's bosom
And bask in her tranquil sunbeams.
Then close weary eyes, not in sleeping
Nor thinking, but lying quite still.
Just hearing Earth's gentlest murmur
And feeling Life's tiniest thrill.
Forgetting the toil and the heartache
The struggle to keep with the crowd,
And even forgetting my loved ones,
I'd make of the shadows a shroud.
Then hearing the pulse that was beating,
In every wee bit of the sod
Be soothed and contented forever,
At rest with my soul and my God.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star. *Ina Draper DeFoe.*
August 28, 1932.

TEA TIME.

Cinnamon toast and a cup of tea—
I feel like a fairy or Queen Marie—
Sipping this brew from an amber cup,
Holding the dainty beverage up
Till the last beige drop has trickled down—
Even the leaves are a golden brown.

Crunchy and thin is the cinnamon toast,
The very kind I adore the most . . .

My fortune? Madam Zonoba knows . . .
Rings on her fingers . . . rings on her toes;

“A handsome man crosses your path,” she said,
Tossing her gracefully turbaned head!

A handsome man—I’d have her know,
Crossed my path twenty years ago . . .

Cinnamon toast and a cup of tea—
I feel like a fairy or Queen Marie!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Gene Boardman Hoover.*
October 16, 1932.

THE SLENDER KEY OF FAITH.

A something in her eyes that out-lives woe
Denotes her inward peace. A light is shed
For those who by her quiet faith are led
To learn that God is all in all. I know
She walks with Christ each hour. No bitter foe
Can steal her healing prayer. Her heart is bled
For troubled ones who come to her for bread
And turn away, refreshed by love's warm glow.
When anguished spirit crumples, in despair
I turn to her, and she with gentle grace
Into my keeping gives a slender key
That opens Heaven's door. Then grief and care
Depart. With quietness and hope I trace
The tranquil path to peace and harmony.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Star.

July 31, 1932.

Ina Draper DeFoe.

THE COMMON DAY.

I thank Thee, Lord, for the common day
Where grief and joy both pass my way.
Where dark'ning clouds o'ercast the sky,
Where bright the sun-god smiles on high;
Where high winds howl, loud-mouthed and mad,
Where breezes soft, blow gently, glad;
Where crested waves dash furiously,
Where, lightly, ripples stir the sea;
Where, after darkness of the night,
Comes rosy-red the morning light.

Then may I, in my little sphere,
Diffuse life's smile and shed life's tear,
Where sweet and bitter I shall find
In common with all earth's mankind;
Where, when fears come, as oft fears will,
A rising faith bids them be still;
Where, when the goal so nearly won
Is lost, the star of hope leads on;
Where love at last shall conquer strife,
I thank Thee, Lord, for part in life.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

November 2, 1932.

Mary Anderson.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN.

The lost, forgotten man, bowed down with care,
Still struggles on beneath the parching sun
To reach the goal before the day is done,
But meets with disappointment everywhere
Until at last he settles in despair.

Not knowing what to do, nor how to shun
The base traducers of the Righteous One,
He turns his face to God in earnest prayer.

The ear of Him who notes the sparrow's fall
And numbers all the hairs upon each head
Will not be deaf to this despairing call,
Nor will He vex his soul with constant dread,
But will relieve him of his bitter gall,
And give him back the right to earn his bread.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Henry Polk Lowenstein.*
July 26, 1932.

SECOND GLEANING.

I walked with Love when Love was young,
And, O, he had a magic tongue
That spoke so bravely ; promised much ;
And he possessed the Midas' touch.
But soon the dross was rubbed and worn,
The gilded pictures frayed and torn,
And there remained but tattered things,
The vague and useless wonderings
Why many songs are left unsung
And Love is crude when Love is young.

I walked with Love as Love grew old
And thought to find him dull and cold.
Instead, he had a gentle air
And many simple gifts to share.
His smile was like a calm caress
That soothed away my loneliness.
He mended every broken dream;
Though patched and scarred, he made them seem
More beautiful than Youth foretold,
And Love was kind as Love grew old.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Saturday Night.
Eugenia T. Finn.

A GROWING NEED.

I never knew a time, seems to me,
When it took so much philosophy
To get along.

I never knew a time, it's my guess,
For a greater need of happiness—
A prayer, a song.

I lift my heart with joy, may the call
For a greater goodness come to all
To right the wrong.

The greater need is now, light and good,
And hands all around in brotherhood—
My prayer, my song!

The La Grange (Ind.) Standard. Schuyler C. Spero.

ALLEY TOM.

Mangy and gaunt he roamed from place to place,
His fiery eyes alert, all things his foe;
Forsaken, battle-scarred, he took life's blow,
Groping for sustenance, a scent to trace.
One day I saw his meager, haunted face
Peer from an old abandoned house set low;
I saw him pounce where clumps of grasses grow,
Striking a lizard with a panther's grace.

And then he found my door; I tossed him bread;
Now sleek he grows but with a heart untamed,
Ever evading hands that would be kind . . .
Somewhere he found that hands were things to dread.
Lurking in alleys, Alley Tom unshamed,
Keeps dark suspicion in his kitten mind.

The Lake Worth (Fla.) Herald. Ruby Pearl Patterson.
September 16, 1932.

DANDELION FIELDS.

A green field lying
Like a soft velvet carpet,
Under bright spring skies,
Sprinkled with yellow light,
Drops of crystallized sunshine.

The Nevada State Journal. Gertrude Grymes Smith.
"Poetic Nevadans," July 18, 1932.



Old Trees

A great tree stands alone on yonder hill,
With out-stretched arms that reach for sun and rain,
Defying all the winds that beat in vain
To break or bend the stubborn monarch's will.
Each year the roots bore deeper in the earth
holding this old tree more firmly in,
While fevered grasses feel a closer kin
To clapping leaves, each year new birth
Sings to the God of all in nature song
We see Him in this living monument,
That sways its graceful body, still unbent
By wind or tempest through the years so long.
Days seem heavy with their winds and scars
But trees grow strong while reaching for the stars.

—Belle Von Natta

THE BUILDER.

I will not harbor hate within
My heart,
His Judas ways I know,
And though he seems to come as friend,
He is a cunning foe.

Admit him and he builds a wall
That shuts
You from truth's sky of blue;
A wall that winds will shake until
It falls and crushes you.

The Middleton (N. Y.) Herald. John Richard Moreland

COMPLIMENTS.

When friends say, "Oh, how well you look,
You're growing younger every day.
And did you walk from your own home,
That long, long way?"
Be not too pleased when this you're told.
It means they think you're growing old.
When friends say, "Oh, you're wonderful,
So many things you do,
You always take the view of youth,
Your mind so open, too."
Just keep your head when this you're told,
It means they know you're growing old.

*The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
September 9, 1932.*

Margo.

THE FLOWERING SUN.

No fragrant flower ever grows
Along the streets I pass,
Grey stones forbid the crimson rose
And green of blowing grass.

Yet beauty's song my heart can sing
When autumn winds are high,
For me one gold flower tinging
The pampas of the sky.

*The Montclair (N. J.) Times.
September 27, 1932.*

J. Horace Losh.

IN MILL VALLEY.

To see the mist on the mountain,
The mist that comes from the sea!
To know the joy of sunrise!
Lord, Thou art kind to me.

To walk again in the meadow,
To press the grass with my feet,
To rest beneath the oak tree,
And the bright waters greet!

To watch the light of sunset
On the lips of the wild flowers fall,
After the stress of noonday
To feel the peace of it all!

To sing in the quiet Starlight
An old time melody,
I know that life abundant
Is given unto me!

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Joan Woodward.*
March 11, 1932.

ROBINS.

Outside my kitchen window
Stands a madrona tree,
Covered with crimson berries,
A gorgeous sight to see.
But now have come the robins,
The plump, red-breasted robins,
They are eating every berry
From my madrona tree.
You are welcome, busy robins
To the madrona tree.
For you it spreads a needful feast,
Its beauty feasted me.
So eat away, plump robins.
When you sit among the branches
More beautiful than ever
Seems my madrona tree.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
January 8, 1932.

Margo.

CATTLE TRAILS.

Crack!
The whip shot out
Across the back
Of the mule team
Straining upward.

Creak!
Wheels rut and grind
The sun burnt streak
Of dusty road,
Carcass lined.

Sweep!
Gaunt as a wolf,
With rumblings deep
The far flung herd
Close crop the trail.

Sleep!
Cattle and men
Night vigils keep,
Under the stars,
Dreaming of home.

The Muskogee (Okla.) Phoenix. *Cora Case Porter.*

GYPSY LOVE.

So fair, so cool, by a quiet pool
A tender lily grew;
The sun caressed her snowy cheek,
No other love she knew.

So free, so gay, at the close of day,
A gypsy breeze drew near,
He told his love so fervently,
The lily stooped to hear.

So swift, so light, on the veil of night,
The moon delayed a breath,
And dropped a star to mark the spot—
“The Ecstasy of Death!”

The Nevada State Journal. *Bertha Raffetto.*
“Poetic Nevadans,” September 28, 1932.

THERE IS NO LOSS.

Life is like a see-saw
 Of ups and downs,
The victors are the vanquished,
 The vanquished glean renous.

Always ships that skim the skies
 Descend to earth again;
The rain falls in the ocean
 Then turns again to rain.

All rivers have an outbound course
 And end up at the sea;
Yet seas are never over-full
 That feed the parched lea.

And so the love of man bestowed
 Upon the hungry heart,
Returns in many forms to bless
 Bestowers for their part.

*The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Ruby MacLeod Taylor.
October 21, 1932.*

CIRCUS DAY.

Yah hoo! Sammy, Skinny and Sue,
 The circus has dropped into town,
With zebras and camels and elephants too!
 And "Curley," the funny-faced clown.

"The Pageant of Gold" is right from old Spain,
 The biggest and best ever seen;
Ubangis, with lips like ducks in the rain,
 And "Alex," the wire-tripper lean.

The "Big Top" is swaying just like a balloon,
 And pulling away at her stakes;
The calliope chortles a dear, old sweet tune,
 Gee . . . what a swell racket it makes.

Come on kids, get going, it's out by the track,
 Who cares about school or the eats,
There's hot dogs and peanuts, right in a sack,
 Hurry up . . . let's grab the good seats.

*The Nevada State Journal.
"Poetic Nevadans."*

Bertha Raffetto.

RUBY-THROAT DINES.

A flashing burnish of green and gold
At the flowering maple's cup ;
A humming note, the ruby-throat
Has come for its noon-day sup.
A quick fillip, a dart and dip
For a sip of nectared sun,
The humming bird's bill has taken
It's fill—
Lone sways the abutilon.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Addie M. Proctor.*
June 24, 1932.

A PATH

A path around my garden-shrine
How like a ribbon sash is laid ;
Where pebbles polk-a-dot design
And grassy-hair-like fringe has made
The shadows stripe like folds between ;
Tho ever in the morning sun
It glows a moire satin sheen
In evening 'tis a velvet one ;
And how I love to bare my feet
To kick the tiny stones apart ;
O, little path so slick and neat,
You've tied a bow around my heart !

The Nevada State Journal. *Adele D'Orsay.*
"Poetic Nevadans," Aug. 6, 1932.

VISTA.

Black and white and grey
Latticed all across,
Pain of a great joy,
Peace of utter loss—
That's looking back,
Now the other way—
What lies ahead?
Black and white and grey.

The Nevada State Journal. *Dorothy Cruikshank.*
"Poetic Nevadans," June 4, 1932.

GOLD LEAD.

In the roving life of a miner's wife
I snatch what I may of content
Where the gold lead gleams in the white quartz seams
The most of my life is spent.

We follow the ledge on the desert's edge,
On finding a fortune bent;
At the timber line beneath the pine
We often pitch our tent.

Sometimes I dream by a mountain stream
Of a place to settle down,
To know again contacts with men
In some far-distant town.

But I can speak to a mountain peak,
Am comrade of the breeze;
I know every star in the heavens afar . . .
I'm friend of the rocks and trees.

So why should I sigh if the world goes by . . .
I feel that it was meant
That I find in my heart in my world apart
A measure of deep content.

The Nevada State Journal. *Harriet Mills McKay.*
"Poetic Nevadans," July 4, 1932.

SIMPLE LUSTER.

I never need be jealous of any glancing
Toward subtle, languorous women you may meet,
Our humblest moment glows with more romancing,
Our quietest hour has a tang more sweet.

I am not robed in soft, cascading laces,
No glamourous perfume lingers through my hair,
My hands are schooled to work in humble places
With little time to frill the clothes I wear.

Yet we have moments lustrous as a river
That stirs to music with silver, lapping tongue
When each becomes the one transcendent giver,
The litany to which our lives are sung.

The New York Sun.

Lucia Trent.

LIFE IS LIKE THAT.

Life is meaningless to me
Since you are gone;
Days and nights are all the same—
There is no dawn.

I think of things we did in June,
Of places where we went last week—
And I can't put myself in tune
With things that are. It's you I seek.

Before life meant long days with you
And moonlight nights, far from the crowd,
But now, though life goes on, 'tis true,
I might as well dispire my shroud.

Life is like that, a dull reprint;
We never know the fate in store—
But if I'd only had some hint
Of losing you—I'd loved you more.

The Nevada State Journal.
"Poetic Nevadans," September 28, 1932.

B. Jackson.

JUST DON'T.

Don't be clever,
Just be kind,
Heart's forever
More than mind.
Just be friendly,
Don't be smart,
Mind's forever
Less than heart.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.
October 20, 1932.

Isabel Fiske Conant.

ENIGMATICAL.

He sang of golden streets beside a jasper sea,
Of bays that flourished by some heavenly wall;
Then he went home and felled a noble linden tree
Because it littered so the lawn in fall.

The New York American.
October 3, 1932.

Anne M. Robbins.

TO HER PICTURE.

The years are many since I placed you there
Above the mantel. Through dark days and fair
I have looked up into your patient face
Sure of the welcome I could always trace,
Sure of the strength wherewith to meet the day,
Sure of the smile wherewith to light the grey.
You never failed me. When life seemed to be
A thing of doubt, of hopeless mystery,
A tangle which the fingers of my mind
Could not unravel, grasp, wherewith to wind,
One glance, and lo! the ball stood wound and straight,
And I, no more the tool of chance and fate,
Had caught a glimpse of One enthroned on high
Who marks the sparrows even when they die.
And, when my cup was brimming full with cheer,
It was your look that made the wine so clear,
Your faith, your hope, your depth of charity,
That gave its flavor such a rarity.
Because of this you daily give my soul
I go my way in peace, nor fear the whole,
Nor life, nor death, nor aught of destiny,
Shall take your love, O, mother mine, from me.

The Newark (N.J.) News.

May 7, 1932.

Erene Angleman.

REMEMBRANCE.

Now comes the season when we pause to pay
Our reverence and homage to the dead,
But do not grieve as one uncomforted
To mar the hallowed spirit of the day;
And as we kneel to place each flower-spray
Breathing the perfume that their petals shed,
Speak not of death, but rather in its stead
Think of them resting where no pain holds sway.

We do not know—perhaps from some far land
They may be looking kindly on the earth;
I think they try to make us understand
They prize the blooms as gifts of sterling worth,
And so it seems that by this simple act
We clasp their hands and keep a sacred pact.

The Newcastle (Ind.) News-Republican.

May 26, 1932.

Margaret E. Bruner.

AFTER TOMORROW.

I shall perhaps forget
Today's bright glow
When darkness comes. I know
There may be things I shall regret;
But there will be so much
To cherish through the coming years;
The bond of laughter; fellowship of tears.

I shall recall the touch
Of your dear hands;
Your ready kiss;
Though I shall miss
The tempting strands
Of loosened hair.

Each little word of yours has been a part
Of an imagined chain around my heart.

How could I share
The joyousness of life with you
And then forget?

And yet . . .
Death may subdue
All things (for Death is strong)
And love may be forgotten. Who can tell?
But, surely, not forever! Soon the spell
Of your brave song
Will capture me,
And I shall hear again
The voice of love, and then
Remember you throughout eternity.

The New York Journal.
February 6, 1932.

Eugenia T. Finn.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

O robin's song,
Across the dusk you trail old dreams,
O robin's song,
Like wisps of smoke they float along
Borne on your melody; it seems
From mem'ry's altar, incense streams,
O robin's song.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Sarah R. Stansberry.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

ANSWER.

He left me parked near a hydrant—
And double-parked as well—
“What shall I say to the traffic cop
If he comes? What shall I tell?”

My old friend turned and said to me,
“Haven’t you any pride?
Say the fellow who picked you up
Had to walk home from the ride!”

The New York Sun.
March 12, 1932.

Helen Maring.

INHERITANCE.

I sometimes say to my rebelling heart,
“What matters it that now my cup is drained,
That Life has crushed me, left me only pained
Remembrance—broken dreams that burn and smart;
What matter if the flames that glow and dart
From love-lit altar fires have fluttered, waned
And in their stead, like somber ghosts arraigned,
Stand funeral tapers, row on row apart?”

Ah, once, for one brief moment, love was mine,
And crowded into just a few short years
Such depths of love’s desire, impassioned bliss.
That now my soul is drunk on red, red wine
That you have left to beautify my tears,
And I shall feel forever just one kiss.

The New York Sun.
March 28, 1932.

Grace Hackel Baker.

CITY TWILIGHT.

Across the city’s snowy roofs
A thin blue dark begins to creep;
And, blinking like a little child,
A star wakes from its day of sleep.

If these were lanes instead of streets,
I know what stillness there would be;
But dusk’s most exquisite of gifts
Is brought to cities uselessly.

The New York Times.
February 8, 1932.

Adelaide Love.

INVITATION.

Come on, now, and don't you be raising objections,
Nor don't you be asking how long you shall stay;
The hand-painted arrows from sixteen directions—
Why should they be there but to show you the way?

Your room is all ready, with things in their places
And "Welcome!" in purple and gold on the mat;
The children are scrubbing their hands and their faces
And tying a bow to the neck of the cat.

The puppy is doing the best that he's able
To wag off his tail with a thump and a swish;
There's stuff in the cupboard and smokes on the table,
And nothing to do but whatever you wish.

Your coming will bring us the joy of the dawning,
Where all was the darkness of midnight before.
We've laid the red carpet and put up the awning,
Your name's in electric lights over the door!

The New York Times.
January 6, 1932.

Arthur Guiterman.

SONG FOR DEVON.

As I rode up from Plymouth Town,
A silver rain came shining down;
So bright it ran, so soft it fell,
It turned a tune, it wove a spell.
And oh, the rust-red Devon soil
Whereon my Grandsire spent his toil;
And oh, the tears that tinged the mist
With tints of gold and amethyst!

For I am but a simple fool,
And since I was a child at school
Have dreamed a splendid dream of Devon
That made of it a sort of heaven.
And I shall always wonder whether
It was the rain and sun together,
Or the glad weeping of my eyes
That set a rainbow in the skies
As I rode up from Plymouth Town
Through the bright shower that murmured down.

The New York Times.
October 26, 1932.

Barbara Young.

EPHEMERAL.

Gently our friendship started, as May rain
Slips down the darkness to a sleeping earth;
So quietly my heart found yours—old dearth
Of fellowship forgot in this new gain.

Then vibrant notes of dawn came to impart
Brisk song to days that once lagged silently.
And no misgiving of the frailty.
Of all such exquisiteness disturbed my heart. . . .

Now it is gone! I know not why, unless,
In joy of welcoming, my clumsy fingers
Have crushed this unalloyed delight. There lingers
A pregnant ghost; its child—new wariness!

The New York Times. *Lucile Hargrove Reynolds.*
January 13, 1932.

SNOW VISITOR.

How capricious you were!
Fluttering down on my verdure-clothed garden,
Shedding white flakes from ethereal wings . . .
(Your comeliness, methinks,
Assuaged earth's murmurings.)
We loved your gay caprices,
The teasing, whirling, happy kisses
Which, merrily, you splashed from your full urn
That we, the grace of your exquisite forms, might learn.
The beauty of your animated dance
Held our lingering, deep-impassioned gaze . . .
Forsooth—the spritely, gentle tread of you
Pausing now and then, with indecision,
Seemed like some magic theme—a vision.
Every garden-bloom found rest
On your fair pillow;
Succumbing to your wealth of coquetry—
While you, with silvered love-taps
Veiled each path with sheen and splendor
Like an aftermath . . .
An aftermath . . . to guide those souls uncertain . . .
Something potent, crowned with glowing light,
Many were the hearts who felt your boon
And wept—as I—
 Seeing you haste away so soon.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Alice E. Bradley.*

SMOKESTACKS IN A THUNDER-STORM.

On tenantless, wide acreage
I stand—a lone flesh-presence here.
Beyond this rutted, stubbled reach
A factory's titan smokestacks rear
Gaunt height against a thunderous cloud—
Black giants belching smoke and flame.
Resenting sulphurous breath puffed high,
The cloud retaliates with fire
As lightning diagrams the sky.

Flame above—where storm-clouds lower ;
Flame below—where smokestacks tower ;
One, reinless electricity ;
The other, sire of bridled steam.
Electricity and steam—
Twin gods of vast industrial power !

The New York Times.
June 25, 1932.

Winnie Lynch Rockett.

MAY IN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.

Thimble-berry paths are white with blossoms,
For-get-me-nots and iris, everywhere ;
While ferns unfold their fronds, coquetting zephyrs
Sift wild-flower incense through the balmy air..

Squirrels frisk and climb before my window,
And bunnies scamper o'er the swinging bridge,
Quail call their broods, "Come quick! come quick! come
quickly!"
As snow-white clouds drift over redwood ridge.

Waterfalls are crooning tuneful woodnotes,
The birds are fluting in the tallest trees,
The gushing river's organ tones are sounding
As if a master's fingers swept the keys.

Who would not be in the woods a-Maying,
In spirit, one with shower, cloud and sun ?
Here, wand'ring footsteps, slowly, idly straying,
Touch life renewed and only just begun.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Bessie I. Sloan.

DEAR LITTLE NUN.

The fragrance of the lily next your heart
Ascends like incense rising to your soul;
Your docile feet pursue no earthly goal.
Dear little nun, in sweet commune apart,
Your flight, celestial, guided by His chart
Through mystic aisles, takes heavenly wing the whole
Day long, envoy of love, for Him who stole
Your virgin heart and chose it from the start.

After a day well-spent at His behest
Then basking in His love, content to rest,
In convent cell all glorified and bright,
Tomorrow finds you fresh for further flight.
By grace of your dear Savior, you are blest,
With pinions lifting you to greater height.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Marie Tello Phillips.*
"Warp & Woof," November 17, 1932.

FROM A GILDED TOWER.

Suddenly I know that Fame is naught;
That all Wealth ever gave, or bought,
The flattery, the praise, the being sought,
Even the fleeting beauty, that its gold net caught,
Is meaningless. My heart is fraught
With music, by sad Memory wrought,
That racks my rose-strewn days. Distraught
I seek the happiness I thought
By Fame and Power would be brought.

Looking on these things for which I fought,
Silver, and gold-encrusted, gem bewrought,
I see a grave, holding dead Love, that once besought:
And suddenly I know that Fame is naught.

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald *Ellen M. Carroll.*
"Warp & Woof," November 17, 1932.

QUATRAIN.

Poppies and daisies and slender wild oats,
Blooming together in a dull brass bowl
Are so full of spring you can hear the notes
Of meadow larks singing on a sun-drenched knoll.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Ruby Robinson Wise.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

"REALITY."

We sat beneath the stars and planned the things that we
would do—

We'd have a little cottage and perhaps a child or two,
A garden full of roses and a bench beside the wall,
And, dreaming there, we'd never mind the storms of life
at all.

We have a little cottage (with a mortgage almost due),
We have a hearty youngster—and a tiny baby, too;
We have a little garden, but instead of roses red
You will find some golden carrots, or perhaps a cabbage
head.

Today, it seemed I caught the sun a-laughing out at me,
At midday, as it danced and pranced and sparkled in its
glee—

A spider had a web across that bench beside the wall!
We had been so very busy it was scarcely used at all!

The Ontario (Calif.) Herald. *Hazel Reese Collins.*
"Warp and Woof," Nov. 17, 1932.

THE GOLD DREDGER.

Like an evil monster the dredger grimly stands
Outlined in rambling silhouette not far away;
With greedy iron jaws and cruel clammy hands,
The pregnant breast of Mother Earth his dying prey.

An ancient river's course he follows hungrily,
And valley fair as ever bloomed on either side.
A quiet Arcadian land once tilled so tenderly
Is now a trail of desolation parched and dried.

All day and night he stands with feverish blazing eyes
In muddy slime and craunches with an ominous roar,
Then spews forth hills of barren waste in giant size—
An awful toll for one tidbit of yellow ore.

Anathema on him who for eternity
In greed destroys an empyrean countryside
Dead to the miracle of Earth's fecundity,
Just orging ever on, in tragic matricide.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Jennie Locke Hazelquist.*
February 6, 1932.

AFTER THE STORM.

The earth smells dank and new and clean,
Upon the grass so freshly green,
The fallen leaves make yellow beds.
The Pepper trees with ferny boughs
Are bending low, weighed down with rain.
Drizzling, drizzling rain.

The jewel-drops on every leaf
Glint and gleam in Autumn's flow,
And Date-palms stand with arms outstretched,
Draped in brown fruits and leaves of green.
Holding rain-drops in their woody cups,
They lift their stately heads to God,
And drink ambrosia, sweet, divine.

The south-winds blow and wave the palms,
Kiss poppies growing by the path,
Then laughing, hurry on their way.
Glimpsing a rosy streak of sun
Beltng the mountain's snowy crest,
The Storm-maids vanish in a mist,
And yonder south, a rainbow glows
Proclaims o'er leagues of sky, a golden day,
And brings new hope to all mankind.
Beyond the storm, the calm, the sun,
Love smiles at me.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Stella Flowers Hastings.
"The Other Fellow."*

EROTIC.

I shall find solace in singing, I know ;
Placing my little loves all in a row,
Singing them blithely forth, one after one,
But what of the night-time, when singing is done ?

I shall lie quietly then, seeking sleep,
When that I have buried, so still and so deep,
Shall waken to ask me why it is unsung ?
With tears I must answer, since Grief has no tongue.

*The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"The Other Fellow," August 15, 1932.*

Eve Brazier.

MEMORIAL DAY.
(In Memory of Joyce Kilmer)

Because you had to go while life was young
With half your loveliest, fairest songs unsung—
Because death called to you across the sea
Until your answering voice came fearlessly,
It is for us to say with steady heart
That not again shall youth play such a part!

Because of that white cross that marks your place,
Who might so well have lived and won life's race,
Because of those who carry on alone
Who loved you and who held you for their own—
It is for us to say to unborn men
The torch of war shall never flame again!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Dorothy Tyrrel.*
May 28, 1932.

THE DEBRIS OF DREAMS.

I've been searching through the debris of dreams
In vain for a cherished illusion.
But the theme is gone and the promise sweet
Is lost in a maze of confusion.

There are dreams of fame in the treasured heap
But somehow their glamor has faded.
And the dreams of wealth seem such worthless hopes
Compared with the joys that life traded.

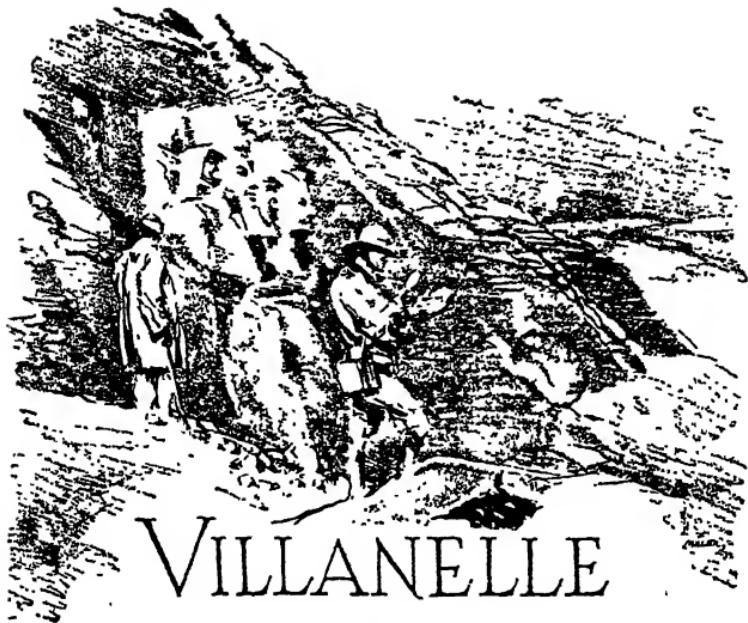
I find futile dreams, and find dreams fulfilled,
I count all of them on my fingers,
But I search in vain for the dreams of you
For only their memory lingers.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Elna Forsell Pawson.*
May 8, 1932.

VIEWPOINT.

Troubles are like thunderclouds—
Quite black when far away;
But when they spread out overhead
They soften into gray.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Amy Bower.*



VILLANELLE

WHO paints the dead against a living sky—
Athens or Rome, Islam or old Cathay—
He'll find his taste is duller than his eye.

Though Egypt haunts her tombs, still loath to die,
Man must forget. He throws his brush away
Who paints the dead against a living sky.

Though he be certain that his art is high,
Be doubly sure, for all he plead or pray—
He'll find his taste is duller than his eye.

For who needs Rome tonight? And who would cry
For Helen, dead with Troy? He gains no pay
Who paints the dead against a living sky.

Sadness may flow; Beauty, herself, may lie
Naked against his knee. Yet day by day
He'll find his taste is duller than his eye.

The world knows tears, yet cares not how or why
Sorrow still lives, yet mute is her array.
Who paints the dead against a living sky—
He'll find his taste is duller than his eye.

Lowe W. Wren.

MEN OF KOREA.

Feeble mid-morning sunlight
On a treeless, barren country;
Flat stretches of rocky soil
Veined with muddy stream beds.

Rocky foothills plastered at intervals
With mud-daubed dug-outs.

Descending haze and the gray threat of rain,
Concealing tops of hills,
Roofing drear valleys crossed by trails.

Tall white-robed figures stalking single-file
Along the paths—endlessly stalking;
Stalking one by one out of the gray distance
Past the dismal round humps of a burial ground.
Stalking one by one near at hand
Through drab villages of mud huts,
Tall yellow men in flowing white gowns—
Men with top-knots tucked under
Toy stove-pipe hats of black horsehair.
A line of flapping scarecrow figures
Silhouetted against the sky,
Stalking away atop a rocky ridge.

Restlessly, weirdly, endlessly stalking,
The tall, dissatisfied men of Korea.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Annie M. Johnston.*
March 13, 1932.

REWARD.

When I can give and not expect
One thing, but be content with just
The pleasure gained in doing good
I shall have reached a safe retreat.

I long to rise upon that plane
To heights where self is left below,
Think only that I did my part
And wait for God to compensate.

The Oakland Tribune.

Delia Vaughn.

TIME'S PRICELESS GIFTS.

And there was one
Who brought Time's Priceless gifts—
Laughter—memories—
E'en tinged a bit with pain
But ravishingly tender
Clothed thus in Spring's sweet garment.
But stay your haste—
Seek me not to yield and yield and yield.
Canst leave me veiled one hour?
Too soon it needs must be
That I lay bare the reality of Love and Life
And place the stakes
To the lotteries' fitful judgment.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Olga Wahlstein Leino.
June 4, 1932.

WINTER NIGHT.

I am stooped
By the brook
Beneath a sycamore,
A tall, black shadow
Rushing upwards into the night sky
And sprawled out
At the top
Into black, crooked, bare arms,
That stand against
The star-spattered heavens
Fearsomely.

This shadow tree
Points straight
Into the heights of the Milky Way,
Whose myriad stars, with the others of the sky,
Fall down to the hill lines
Behind the penciled wood
In front of me,
Like a furious flurry
Of cold snow crystals
Blowing tumultuously
Down the steep, black slant,
Overhead.

I am a naked savage,
Under my clothes,
Crouched here
By the trickling stream,
In the presence of these limitless
Sky extensions;
I am as primitive
And as unclothed as they.
I am a barbarian
Hazardously loose
In this universe, I see.

This spectacle
Looking back at me
Seeks to tell me many things:
Of my origin,
Of my destiny,
Proclaims who I am . . .
Could I but understand
The starry eloquence.
I may only look out there
And wonder . . .

The Oakland (Md.) Mountain Democrat.
March 10, 1932. William Sheppard Sparks.

THE SUMMER CARAVAN.

There's a friendly gesture in the leafy boughs
Where whispering breezes linger long to play,
Glad voices echo through the forest aisles—
The summer caravan is on its way!

The sleeping camp fires of the yesteryear
With gleaming embers dance at close of day,
And forest creatures seek their solitude—
The summer caravan is on its way!

There's a lilting gladness in the river's voice,
And music fills the night with accents gay,
There's a comradeship with stars and flowers—
The summer caravan is on its way!

From city streets, from towns and fields they come
A-gypsying where winding roadways stray,
It seems that all the world is out-of-doors—
The summer caravan is on its way!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Nell Griffith Wilson.
"The Other Fellow," August 12, 1932.

APRIL.

I do not fear this April's tears,
For I have seen her smile,
And well I know her grief and fears
Will not survive her guile.

She strews bright flowers at my feet,
Then startles me with rain.
Yet patiently I bear the sleet
To see her smile again.

I know her grief will slowly fade,
The violet drinks her tears.
Warm winds will sweep her queenly glade
Of sorrow, cold and fears.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin. Paul Leland McConomy.
April 15, 1932.

THE PLAINSMAN'S PRAYER.

Lord, out upon this lonesome plain,
Far from the crowded city's roar,
And all its heartache, greed and stain,
And selfishness and strife for more—
Out where the sky at dusk is like
A golden scroll, it is so fair,
I let him nibble short grass—Mike—
While I uplift a simple prayer.

I know I'm awkwardness itself
When I flop down upon my knees
In this great open church that pelf
Did not erect for human pleas.
I'm not a Moody, Sankey, I
Have never seen cathedral spires,
But, Lord of heaven, pass that by
And but consider my desires.

I ask to be a comrade, pal
To every man that rides the trail,
And if by chance he is a gal,
Instead of some scrub-whiskered male,
Well, God Almighty, may I show
A little more politeness, care—
Not such as marks the parlor beau—
But marks a real man—hear my prayer !

Make me a friend to every dog
Unfed and shackless in these parts,
For every disowned broncho jog
My kindly feelings—they have hearts.
I want to be as square as Him
Who hung upon that painful cross.
I'm shy on prayer words, sing no hymn,
But you know me for you're the Boss.

The Omaha (Nebr.) World-Herald. Will Chamberlain.

"AS A FLOWER—"

As a flower in the garden,
Bending toward the sun,
Unfolds its tiny petals
One by one by one.

So Faith expands its beauty
Until at last it grows
Into Life's lasting flower,
The heart's fair, perfect rose.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin. Rebecca Helman.
August 11, 1932.

SPRING AGAIN.

The world is smiling at me today,
The world is smiling at me;
Its voices say, "Come out and play
And live the prime of song and rhyme."
Oh, Spring is romancing, I see.

This fresh-lit world has a heavenly swing;
It is joy this heaven to know
When bounding Spring cannot help but sing;
It thrills the air—love blossoms there—
A touch of the sweet long ago!

The world is living, as then, a-glow;
The world is living as then;
My cares may go, I'll join the show;
The old somehow is young just now—
Oh, love whispers to me again!

The Piedmonter.
April 21, 1932.

Schuyler C. Spero.

SONG AT HARVEST.

Hope and joy are singing
When the larkspur blows,
And a gold moth winging
Tips a crimson rose.

When the blue anchusa
Wandering astray,
Hears a bee-hung fuchsia
Tinkle time away.

Summer joys are fickle,
But brave hope will sing
Though an autumn sickle
Finds scant harvesting.

. *The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.* *Anne M. Robinson.*
November 15, 1932.

COAST-BIRDS' VESPERS.

Bobolinks, reedbards in the fen,
Grubbing food from the salt morass;
With the incoming sea's access,
Round its pools does the bittern reign
With his strangely booming cry.
Then we came again to the strand,
Back to the sea from marsh and pool,
And suddenly, with a rush, ascend
The jaeger and the skua gull,
As fierce as a tiger's eye.

The slender tern, the fleet-winged tern,
Skims the combers, rises, dips;
Sandpipers fringe, like lace forlorn,
The surf's uneven hem, their steps
Like those of a scuttling child.
Seamews call; our roof is wings
Where, white and grey, the gulls are circling.
Feathers, cries, and the sea's harangues
Calm to glory of sunwest darkling,
And ebb and the night are mild.

The Paterson (N. J.) Morning Call. *Benjamin Musser.*

VESTMENTS.

He had known something of the winds that sweep
Across the prairies and must shape a man,
For consecration, when the faith is deep
And one accepts the wisdom of God's plan.
He looked above and over and beyond
The things that most men gloat upon while here.
His love stretched out to touch a heart life wronged
And left it peace and hope and joy to cheer.
His was the shaping of a Christian life,
Gaged by commandments struck upon the stone;
He had the strength to conquer in the strife
And claim a life eternal for his own.
He did not question why or reasons ask,
But gave himself completely to this task.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Inquirer. Charles Bancroft.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now, perched upon a gnarled banyan bough
Whose polished leaves afford a safe retreat,
The mocking bird's entranced ears endow,
With fluted melodies, all passing sweet.

Incarnadined—afame—the towering clouds
The sun adorns, ere passing from our sight;
Fantastic, weird, their majesty enshrouds
The stars, bright lanterns in the purple night.

From nature's greenwood temple there ascends
The fragrant incense of the trumpet vine,
And with the jasmine sweet its perfume blends
To fill our raptured souls with thoughts divine.

Cool Luna, newly risen, a silvery path
Hath laid, from far horizon to the shore,
The noonday heat gives place to aftermath
As Neptune's cooling breath is felt once more.

Thus comes the night. I ask but one thing more
To add to its delights—this is my prayer,—
No greater gift for me could be in store
Than just your presence, all these joys to share.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. S. W. Young.
"Talespins."

THE RUNAWAY.

The columbines were gypsy folk,
Wild, free, and gaily dressed
In Spanish red and yellow. One
Was handsomer than the rest.

A gardner bore her down the hill,
And sought, through cultivation,
To make her grow more worthy
Of her new exalted station.

She held herself erect, nor seemed
To pine, and no one knew
Of tumult in her heart, when toward
Her home land, strong winds blew.

Her children and their children lived
Long in the garden-plot
As tamely as sweet william, phlox,
Fuchsia, forget-me-not.

And then one spring, beside the path
From flower-bed to high
And rocky places, whence one views
The gray hills filing by,

There bloomed a garden columbine!
Had she believed that scamp,
The wind, would take her all the way
Up to the gypsy camp?

*The Pompton Lakes (N. J.) Bulletin. Emma Johnston.
July 14, 1932.*

OCTOBER.

The Queen of Autumn comes in gala dress ;
Its vivid hues her loveliness ;
With draperies of scarlet, orange, red,
And crown of purple asters on her head ;
Announced by silver trumpets clear and shrill,
Her pageantry transforms each vale and hill,
With troop of laughing helpers in her train,
She scatters luscious fruits and golden grain,
In cloistered woodland drifts the rustling leaves ;
At nightfall with her loom the hoar frost weaves.

*The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. Anna Maria Wirth.
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."*

THE PIONEER.

The pioneer, what might she tell,
She who has honored woman's sphere,
Through cruel hardships that befell
The pioneer?

A vision bade her persevere,
And patiently all fear dispel;
It gave her courage of a seer.
In sacrifice her deeds excel;
True faith and love she held most dear;
Oh, what she could—was done so well—
The pioneer.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *Kate K. Church.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

COURT OF DREAMS.

Of all the dreams that embroider our life
As the faces of flowers embroider a wood,
The loveliest dreams were the ones that were rife
Where you as the rarest of wild flowers stood—
A spot where the earth was so rich and so moist
It teemed with the blossoms of summer and spring.
They curtsied as one, like a court that rejoiced
To render to you all the pomp of a king.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Mary Owen Lewis.*
"Talespins," September 9, 1932.

THE WISE MAN.

He did not ask for riches,
To play a pompous part;
But humbly prayed to have
An understanding heart.
God heard his meek petition
And gave him wisdom rare;
All other things he added
In which to richly share.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Grenville Kleiser.*
"Talespins," June 14, 1932.

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER.

The moonlight fell softly o'er woodland and dale;
The mist from the river, a silvery veil,
Hung low on the hillside; and ever there rose
A mystical murmur, as music that flows
And ebbs with the tide in the land of our dreams.

On the brow of the hill as I wandered along,
Alone in my sorrow, a burden of song
Stole into the murmur and spoke to my soul,
Spoke softly and sweetly as echoes that roll
On wings of the wind from far-away streams.

The pale moon descended, the stars fled away,
The vision departed at dawn of the day.
The music still lingers; I ever can hear
Its mystical murmur fall faint on my ear,
And thus shall it sing to my soul evermore.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post. *A. W. Macy.*
"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

THE PEDDLER.

Ah, could ye know the peddler man, his wares a goodly pack
That balanced on a forked stick, and hanging down his back!

And had ye seen the peddler man come swinging up the way
His courage and his faith along, to spice his greeting gay!

And might ye heard the peddler man, as bundle he unrolled
"The finest linene ma'am"—you'd think the looms by him controlled.

Who could resist the peddler man? No lady so obtuse;
The Blarney Stone had shown him how his compliments to loose.

To each he gave, beside his jokes, fair bargains to entice,
"Ye'll find not such in Dublin town, so purty, cheap and nice."

Whence came the canny peddler man, and why his service done?

A pilgrim faring forth with joy, from dawn to setting sun.

Ah, when ye lost the peddler man, ye lost a man of parts!
He left us all fine memories, and aches down in our hearts.

The peddler man! That Irishman,—he never more will call,

No other body can entreat such blessings on us all;

'Twould help me poor old eyes to see, his swinging walk once more,

I'd like to hear him on me porch,—and knocking at me door.

The Pasadena (Calif.) Post.

Kate K. Church.

"Verse Section of the Writers' Club of Pasadena."

CHILD AND GARDEN.

There are two things I would not be without—
A garden and a child. For both can give
To the sad spirit and the burdened heart
Immeasurable comfort, joy and peace.
A garden and a child! I know that each
Is filled with God. The eyes of innocence
Regard me from both child and flowering stem;
Their trusting gaze gives to my inmost soul
A benediction. Both have need of me,
And these my hands that minister are blest.

A little child asleep, with dewy lips
And budding breast, whose petal cheeks are cool
And fragrant as the violet, can turn
The meanest hovel into something filled
With angel light. So may a single flower,
Blooming in dust beside the heedless wheels,
Spread heaven along the sordid thoroughfare.
A garden and a child! I give my thanks
For these two things I would not be without—
A dreaming garden and a sleeping child.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

March 13, 1932.

PLEASURE.

Drums are beating, symbols beating,
Violin and small tabor,
Cellos beating, all is beating,
Jazz upon the ball-room floor.

Waiters warming, sweat is forming,
Wilted shirts that collars wore,
Couples pushing, couples backing,
Couples tangled more and more.

Boys are necking, maidens cheeking,
Never ceasing din and roar,
Bodies swaying, mothers praying,
Pleasure meant and nothing more.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *John Harsen Rhoades.*
"Talespins."

THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

The fragrance is the soul of the flower
Speaking to you and to me;
Giving birth to a sense of beauty
Through unconscious sympathy.

The spirit of the pasture dwells
In the parsley flower and leaf;
And in the wheatfields ripening
The sweet sun-smell of the sheaf.

The wild rose fragrance cleanest of all
Exhales the soul of the dew:
Rivaled only by new mown hay,
Or the quiet scent of the rue.

The wallflower dressed so soberly
Is much like a Mennonite maid;
The earthy odor of maidenhair
Presents an image of shade.

The mignonette is singing softly
To itself like a tiny joy;
The lilac gives its heart in fragrance,
Delightful sweets without alloy.

The scent of the grass pink is subtle
As music; and the daintiest smells
Of flowers are apple blossoms, limes,
Violets and canterbury-bells.

Sweet peas are the breath of fairies
Delicately scenting the air;
And the sophisticated hyacinth's
Odor has a naughty flair.

Jasmine fragrance is like something
Belonging to death and the night;
Or quiet winds that haunt the dead
When the moon is full and white.

As sweet to a gypsy out of prison
As the smell of the gorse
Is the fragrance the red rose gives
When greeting the great god Mors.

The fragrance is the soul of the flower
Telling to you and to me
Each in its name a rare beauty
And we sense it unconsciously.

The Pine Cone.

Annice Calland.

TO A PALM.

You are only a palm tree that swishes
When fronds let the breezes go through,
But to me you are beautiful wishes
That may or may never come true.

Your figure is gracefully crowned
To shade us from midsummer heat,
While at evening your sermons abound
As the moon shadows shift at our feet.

You may dance for the play of a child,
Let him fancy your music is rain,
But to me your whispering mild—
Just enough for assuaging of pain.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Imelda Barbara Dillon.*
"Talespins," July 5, 1932.

DISTANCE.

The sails that we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be,
But there's never a sail in the harbor
As white as the one at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With gold and purple delight,
Turn to cold gray mists and vapors
As we climb the mountain's height.

Oh, fair and stately the vessel
That rides afar from the beach.
And clouds of gold and purple
Are clouds we never can reach.

Oh, Distance, you are enchantress
Who charms with a magic veil,
And the glory of far-off mountains,
And the gleam of the far-away sail!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Jenniev Hamilton.*
"Talespins."

WHY THE LEAVES TURNED RED.

All the leaves were trembling sadly
'Twas the dying time of year;
And the North Wind's dismal moaning
Chilled their very hearts with fear.

Then up spoke one leaf nobly,
"Since we haven't long to live.
Let us see how much of happiness
We can contrive to give."

"We will wear our gayest dresses;
And our fear we'll hide so deep
No one can suspect we have it—
All before our final sleep."

Then the hillsides blazed in glory,
And the hearts of men were glad:
And the lonely autumn season,
Never since has seemed so sad.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *Blanche Nichols Bachelder.*

THE CURE.

We hear a lot these days,
About the assets frozen,
About the trees cut down,
The cause of bad erosion;
About the prices low,
About our flaming youth
And those who with love have toyed;
About repeal and beer,
Kidnappers and gangsters bold,
About the taxes high,
And of some with wealth untold,

But—

Little we hear of God,
Of reverence, of faith and prayer;
Kindness to each other,
Burdens of others to share;
Little of peace, goodwill,
And love of our fellow man;
These would cheer, uplift,
Give us knowledge, power to plan;
Then this good old world of ours
Would be under safe command.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," October 6, 1932.

May M. Duffee.

THE FRIEND.

Why do we drag along the way
With weariness and fear?
A friend went through Gethsemane
To give our hearts more cheer.

Why do we linger at the grave,
Or tremble at death's might?
A Friend has rolled away the stone
To give our spirits light.

Then let us run to meet that Friend
In some bright garden place
Where love and laughter fill the dawn
With sunshine like His face.

The Palm Beach Times.
"Talespins," May 7, 1932.

Helene Claiborne.

SCHOOL DAY MORN.

It seems to me that, as a rule,
I used to like to go to school.
It wasn't school that made me sore,
But getting washed was such a bore!
When mother went to scrub my neck,
That's what I used to hate, by heck!

She polished all around my head—
A daily task, a daily dread!
She soaped a rag and then began
To clean up on her "little man."

Her rag-wrapped finger she'd insert
Into my ear and twist for dirt,
And click her tongue to shame, and say
That weeds would sprout in there some day.
And I could hear soap bubbles pop
As she went on to scrub and mop
My ears and neck and all my face,
And talk me into deep disgrace.

The suds pan on the wash-bench stood
A holy terror to boyhood;
By it the ample cake of soap,
Adding to grief the loss of hope—
No inquisition of the rack
Could agonize like her attack.

She'd damp my hair and part it too
Before this daily death was through;
And after hours and hours of this,
Say, "Now you're clean enough to kiss!"
And as I'd stand there humbled, meek,
She'd stoop and kiss me on the cheek;
And as I'd start off on a spurt,
She'd tap a spank that didn't hurt.

It seems to me that, as a rule,
I didn't hate to go to school.
It wasn't school that made me sore,
But getting washed was such a bore!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
"Talespins," September 24, 1932.

Vernon L. Smith.

SUN COLORED.

Old glass
Men cast aside
Lies on the desert sands
Until, like sun-tinged lives, it too
Grows fair.

*The Palm Springs (Calif.) Desert Sun. Emma Johnston.
March 25, 1932.*

JUST AN ADDRESS.

The Baker family were very proud
Of their ancestors.
All the members belonged to whatever societies
The martial exploits or legislative accomplishments
Of their forefathers made them eligible.
On all patriotic occasions their flag
Was the first to be flung to the breeze.
It was always hung properly
And lowered with due dignity.

Next to their family
Their old house was their joy and pride.
The main part of it had been built
By a greatgrandfather in 1762.
Of course that part was now the kitchen and shed.
The front was much newer.
Over the front door they had put the date 1762.
They bought the figures in New York.

The summer they decided to go out West
To visit Uncle Sawyer and his family,
They rented the house to an Italian artist.
He paid them enough to partly defray
The expenses of their modest trip to Illinois.

The first letter they received from their tenant
After they had arrived at Uncle Sawyer's,
Was written on smooth gray paper.
Neatly embossed at the top of the sheet they read
The name of their tenant in full.
Under it was the address:
1762 Main Street.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

Walter Hard.

EVERLASTING PEACE.

The Hebrew Mother bending
Above the Baby's face
Within her soul repeateth:
“Bethlehem is His place.
The promised Star of Jacob
Whose kingdom ne'er shall cease;
Thou'l bind all tribes and nations
In everlasting peace.”

Came Anna in, her mother:
“The laddie's eyes are blue;
Lineaments of David—
Would that the days were due
Which bring the glad Messiah
Of whom the prophets tell
When God in love and mercy
Remembers Israel.”

Then speaketh grand old Heli;
He of the Chimham khan:
“Of Judah's royal lineage,
Behold another man!
Stood Israel but together
The glory that is fled
He would renew in Zion—
The laddie's hair is red.”

The other Bethlehem mothers
Come time and time to see
The bonnie Son of Mary
At home from Galilee.
They speak of the Messiah
In sweet exalted tone
As if each one is seeing
A dear Christ of her own.

Thus all are dreaming, hoping—
One only doth rejoice:
The gentle Mother Mary
Who knew the heavenly Voice:
“Thou art the promised Saviour
Whose kingdom ne'er shall cease;
Thy love shall bind the nations
In everlasting PEACE.”

The Renville County Farmers Press. Flora Cameron Burr.

SONNET.

Who of you have watched the ephemeral glow
Which comes up through the black and slender trees
As delicate as lace and makes a frieze
Of silhouettes at dawn when perfumes blow;
Or seen the silent rivers swiftly flow
Down through the jungles out upon the seas,
Yet gaining power ever as they go?

That's Africa, where one must pay to live
If he would solve what tropic beauty means.
To know the Congo with its seething scenes,
Watching a red-gold sunrise through a sieve
Of leaves—a tracery when daylight weans
Itself from night—is to absorb, to give.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald. *Caroline Parker Smith.*

WE SHALL EMERGE.

Earth-minded we have been, earth-bent, possessed;
Grubbing the soil, impatient for its gold;
And when its gleam eluded us, depressed,
Hating our hands that could not grasp, nor hold.

We could not pause for beauties on the road;
We could not lift our eyes, watching our feet;
We dared not help another with his load,
Lest one, unburdened, pass us, running fleet.

We shall emerge from this; the stronger be;
Knowing the dross, our opened eyes shall see
Beyond the rocky road, the uphill grade
To beaten paths our fearless feet have made;
Beyond the furrowed earth, the barren plain,
To harvest time and ripened fields of grain;
Beyond the furnace's mad roar and glare
To rivers spanned and cities rising fair;
Beyond the little sordid things of life,
Beyond the selfishness, the hate and strife,
To deeds of faith and love and high intent,
And gallant-hearted lives in service spent;
We shall emerge, to look up from the sod
And see beyond the farthest star to God!

The San Francisco (Calif.) Chronicle.
November 13, 1932. *Anna Blake Mezquida.*

THE CAPTIVE.



One time I tried to hold a bird
Within a cage,
And learned imprisonment was not
Its heritage.

And though I held it captive there
Through night and day,
It was a songless shell whose soul
Had flown away.

* * *

A captor I shall meet—this truth
I contemplate,
When Death shall try to hold me still
And seal my fate.

For Death will coffe me in earth
Of ancient rust;
While I soar free, his tomb will hold
But clay and dust.



*The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Tessa Sweazy Webb.
October 14, 1932.*

SONNET.

If I could die in beauty, as these trees
That fling such golden glory to the sky,
That shower crimson on each passerby
And spread' a russet carpet at his knees ;
If I could so emblazon, ere I cease,
A sorry world with glowing tint and dye
That would enrapture both the heart and eye,
And give an autumn benison of peace ;
If I could die in beauty—then my years
Of barrenness and drouth, the winds of scorn,
The bitter tempests with their rain of tears
Would lie forgotten, passed as yestermorn.
For well I know that death and winter bring
The miracle of greening buds of spring.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

LEM'S PLAN.

Lem wasn't what his neighbors called
An enterprisin' cuss
And yet somehow he got along
Without much fret or fuss.

When crops was poor or times was hard
And everything looked glum
Lem didn't rare ner paw the air
He took things as they come ;
Just seemed to have a plan of life
That nothing much could jar.
Inflation coaxed, depression hoaxed
But Lem stayed right at par.

When neighbors 'round was all het up
An' speculation trying
Lem wa'n't upset nor was he caught
In wild installment buying.
He payed hard cash for what he bought,
Extravagance a scornin'
And for the things he couldn't have
He smothered all his yearnin'.
Just kept along the way he knew
A medjum course pursuin',
He plowed and sowed, he reaped and mowed
Like he was used ter doin'.

The times they went from bad to worse,
Milk prices took a tumble;
Those friends of Lem who'd laughed at him
Came crawlin' back real humble.
They asked of Lem to lend them cash
Their mortgages enlargin'
To pay installments on their cars
Or bolster up their margin.
The cash they got, but Lem would warn
"Of course I'm just a plodder,—
Go keerful now, it shrinks a cow
Ter live on mortgaged fodder."

They kept right on a spendin' free
But milk kept goin' down.
The upshot of the matter is
Lew owns nigh half the town.
He wa'n't a bear, he wa'n't a bull
(Some say he's jest a skunk).
It's only true his money grew
While other folkses' shrunk.
—This ain't no grand, heroic tale—
Resent it if you want'er.
Just goes to show, what we both know—
Lem was a real Vermonter.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.
July 23, 1932.

Mark Whalon.

HOME.

Shallow the soil above the stubborn clay;
Twisted and gnarled the vegetables and roots
That grew upon the land where I was born,
But tart and full of flavor were the fruits
That ripened from the spring to harvest time.
Long was the road that lured my feet to stray
And more delightful was the land I found.
In spite of this, I cannot stay away,
That stubborn, thrifless land still calls to me,
Its clay my bones, my flesh its shallow loam;
My soul is like the fruit upon its tree,
And when I hear it named I call it "Home."

The Salt Lake Tribune.
March 6, 1932.

Edith Cherrington.

A PLEDGE.

The stream is swift. The game fish lie
Where currents pull and eddies whip,
No quarter asked. And in the sky
Birds flying face the windy rip.
Swift in the sun the eagle flashes;
Straight up the fall the steelhead dashes.

To scorn the rapids and swim upstream,
To test the heights, and challenge fate—
Better this than to sit or dream,
Better this than to hide or wait.
Nations are made of iron and oak;
Steel is hardened by stroke on stroke.

O glorious heritage of year!
Hearts and hands of a vanished host,
Forged through cycles of blood and tears,
This we pledge, a shouting toast:
In war, in peace, we hear the call!
America stands! It shall not fall!

The San Francisco (Calif.) Chronicle.

November 13, 1932.

Charles Josef Carey.

LEAFLESS TREE.

And you
Are human, too!
Your long, gnarled fingers seek
To clutch the moon's bright, shiny store
Of gold.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Edna May Ewert.

CLEARING.

Blind men are burning redwood stumps today
And do not know that waking giants stir
From out the earth in tall spirals of gray;
Nor have they wondered, once, beyond the blur
Of twisting smoke, how that a deep-scarred hill
May be like calvary . . . the blind must be
Only the ones who leave unsensed, at will,
The first far thought that shaped an ancient tree.

The San Jose (Calif.) News.

"Dorothy Mac Column."

Lela Glaze.

DESIRE.

I thought desire was dead, but with this Spring,
When lilacs from the fullness of their bloom
Diffuse the damp, gold air with sweet perfume,
And mating birds chirp noisily and sing,
There is a sudden ease to life's old sting
And heart and soul seem, somehow, cleansed of grief,
Old, broken faiths give way to new belief
In life, in love, in good . . . in everything.
Though yesterday my pain weighed heavily
And filled me with a sense of sore despair,
Which questioned dumbly of the gods that be,
Why all my dreams were crushed beyond repair . . .
Today Spring's promise stirs within my breast,
I sense eternal life's divine unrest.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
May 15, 1932.

Christie Lund.

TUCKED IN FO' DE NIGHT

Snuggle down, mah honey; old man pine tree's sighin'
now;
De wind am in his grey beard, and de hoot owl's on his
bough;
Rock-a-bye, mah baby; heah yo' mammy croonin' low,
Ovah 'cross de cotton, see dat moon begin to glow.

Bogey man's a-sneakin',
Keepin' out o' sight,
But honey, he cain't git yo'
Tucked in fo' de night.

De bullfrogs in de marshes is singin' lullabyes,
De lightin' bugs am flashin' like little wicked eyes
But bogey man cain't git yo' 'cause mammy's holdin'
tight,
Nothin' 'gwine to harm you' when de moon am shinin'
bright.

Shadows am a-creepin'
On de cotton white,
Yo' is safe wid mammy
Tucked in fo' de night.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," October 11, 1932.

Dorothy Rodreick.

THE COST.

Always, the crystal tears of fickle spring
Wake wistful longings. Still, I can endure
It and the long, calm days that summers bring;
And winter's silence . . . that will ache no more.
But, oh, I cannot bear the gallant way
That autumn wears her bleeding, two-edged hurt;
The courage which will not let her betray,
By single sign, her pain; keeps her alert,
Bearing the weight of beauty on a heart
That long has known its loneliness and soon
Must drop its gay pretensions, stand apart,
Barren and ugly, prostrate in earth's swoon.

Though she appears to know not what is lost,
I cannot bear it . . . for I . . . know the cost.

The Salt Lake Tribune.
October 2, 1932.

Christie Lund.

THE CHALLENGE OF NIAGARA.

Have you ever heard the calls
Of Indian maids at night,
As they hover above the falls,
Poised for final flight?

Loveliest of their race,
Each in a birch canoe,
With fascinating grace
They shun, invite, pursue.

Bravely the beautiful band
Surrenders life to sate
The river-god's demand
Ordained by cruel fate.

Lost in the water's surge,
These victims still inspire
Mankind with a fatal urge,
A treacherous desire.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. May Margaret Wright.
"Attic Salt," November 19, 1932.

SALUTATIONS.

Youth, that I was, drank daringly a toast—
Naively certain in my young heart that
Life was for blossoming. My laughing boast,
To pluck the flower of high romance—and drat
Care's thumb. O heydey of Youth's innocence.
Lack of time's wisdom is absurdly dear
In that one reckons not Life's cycle-change
With inevitable days of winter-drear.

Age, that I am now, breathes a New Year prayer
Of understanding—suppliant to garner
In seasonal sequence; find realism fair;
Time hallowing; Spring, that wanton charmer
Of Youth, subdued to fruit and finally rest
In winter's peaceful end—Life's benison, my friend!

The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. *Fay Willoughby.*
"A Round of Rhyme," Jan. 17, 1932.

AND THEY CALL IT SPORT.

I can forget the spring
And the fall—
And hollyhocks that grew
By the wall,
But not this in the wood—
On leaves sere
The bleeding, dying form
Of a deer.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Henri Dewitt Saylor.*
"Attic Salt," June 30, 1932.

DEPARTURE.

Upon this sea-drenched cliff,
Alone with winds and wavering gulls,
I stand and watch
Your ship bear toward the darkening sun;
And I am not myself, but one Elaine,
Slow-studying how a road may end—
Isolde, weeping on the Cornish shore!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Olga Marie Flohr.*
"Attic Salt," January 30, 1932.

WHEN DAWN ARRIVES.

When dawn steps in the early hours,
Into her nursery of flowers;
She lays aside her somber grays,
Puts on a cap of brightest rays—
The while, with rosy fingers bright,
She quickly switches on the light.

Then gently glides from bed to bed,
Touching each drowsy, sleepy head—
Pausing a moment in surprise
To wipe the dewdrops from their eyes;
And whispers softly in their ears,
“It’s time to have your bath, my dears.”

*The Stockton (Calif.) Independent. E. Lisette Herring.
June 11, 1932.*

LET ME NOT LOOK TOO LONG.

Upon the things of time, O Lord,
Let me not look too long.
Grant me the rapture and the dream,
The witching spell of song,
The echo of the dying storm,
The lark’s succeeding call,
But may there be no endless stress,
No constancy to pall.

What if the rose should never lose
Its luster, droop and die,
What if the rainbow ever kept
Its bridge across the sky,
Or if the snowflake, jewel rare,
Should scorn the kiss of spring,
What?—you have settled that, O Lord—
There’s no stale lingering.

The splendor of the sunlight owes
Its charm to passing dark,
The moon’s strange tenderness unchecked
Would miss its highest mark.
The vine—how rudely tiresome—
The vine that grimly clings,
Peaks, torrents, constellation, stars
Are wisely changeful things.

So, ever give my eyes to view,
O God, your marvels vast,
Then gently melt their outlines ere
Too long they haunt and last.
Daytime and nighttime to the close
Of this, my life's wild song—
I thank you, Lord, it is your will
I should not gaze too long.

The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. *Will Chamberlain.*

FETTERED APRIL.

Fastidious little dogs upon leashes
Are mincing their way
Over geometrically designed pavements.
To the accompaniment of rumbling wheels
And siren horns,
I go my fumbling journey
Past windows that imprison
Daffodils and pussy-willows.
There along the avenue
Uniformed nurses wheel immaculately dressed babies
Toward a park which is redolent of gasoline fumes.
Over littered alleys
Other babies, colorless and pasty,
Crawl like caterpillars just evolved from cocoons.
And still, day after day,
I trudge the crowded streets,
Wishing that everything about me
Could be magically blown into nothingness,
Longing to feel my cheek brushed
By a noontide of pale honeysuckle,
To know sun upon its carpet of withered pine needles,
Hear dogs crashing through swollen streams,
And see a shambling darkey
With his decrepit mule,
Plowing the furrow of a cotton field,
The smoke cleanly lifting from his crooked chimney;
Then, if the gods allow,
The single note of a mocking-bird.

The Spartanburg (S. C.) Herald. Margaret Lathrop Law.
April 3, 1932.

RIVERS FOLLOW A TRACK.

The sea flows
Up, back; up, back;
But rivers follow a track
That goes
Forever down hills, over plains.
Who knows
The voice of the river? This Missouri came
From geysers spouting upward like a flame
From sulphur-crusted pools
And water falling where the white steam cools.
Who has heard the river talking here
At the edge of the willows? Who has heard it sing,
This running, brown thing
From the mountains of Wyoming, now so near
The end of its course, running
To join the broader river?
* * *

What did you say, long ago, Missouri,
To the French farmers who crossed for mass by the first
rope ferry,
Straining against the current? What did you say
To the captain looking down from the pilot house
Of the old steam-ferry? Those who cross
By a tall bridge, a new highway
Have lost the words of your song,

I part the brush along
This bank and lean down close to the roots of the wil-
lows—
Run, Missouri, run to the goal beyond the bend,
To the river at river's end.

*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Florida Watts Smyth.
June 27, 1932.*

EVENTIDE.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is nearly done;
The sun sinks low in ever-dark'ning skies,
The hour-glass sands for me are nearly run—
Now comes the hour of evening sacrifice.
'Tis true Zaccheus spreads a better board,
And Simon's home, they say, is fair to see,
But all I have I offer to my Lord—
Abide with me, O Lord, abide with me.

Thou wert beside me from the very first
Faint greyish tints of incense-breathing morn,
When dewdrops turned to diamonds with the burst
Of glory when my infant day was born.
The poor accommodations I can show,
I fear they are a mock to offer Thee;
Perhaps to better homes 'twere best to go,
But still I wish thou couldst abide with me.

In manhood's vigor thou wert always near
To lend Thy arm and counsel ev'ry hour;
In the full splendor of the noontide year
I conquered every problem by Thy power.
My darkening home perhaps Thou shouldst depart,
Unless my sacrifice is sweet to Thee—
(A very humble and a contrite heart)—
In which case then, O Lord, abide with me.

With Thee at hand I calmly view the end
Of day in darkness deep and somber bed,
Unless there is some far more worthy friend
With whom my Lord would rather lay His head?
While drifts life's tranquil tide away,
I long to hear my Master say to me:
“The evening is the best part of the day;
Sleep, thou, in peace, while I abide with thee.”

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.
“*The Gulf Gleam,*” July 24, 1932.

Orville L. Shobe.

THE BUTTERFLY.

When first we met you seemed so free
You were a butterfly to me,
Your fairy lightness thrilled me through,
Your dress assumed a golden hue
The twinkles of your merry eyes
All danced about like butterflies.

I named you right. At this sad hour
I've learned you flit from flow'r to flow'r;
You take your honey where you find it
And I am fool enough to mind it.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Elizabeth Charles Welborn.
“*The Gulf Gleam,*” April 13, 1932.

PEACE.

I have forgotten the earth,
And my soul is questing
The bright illimitable reaches
Beyond the ultimate stars.

I have forsaken the earth,
And my soul is resting
In the infinite quiet that teaches
Peace beyond the peace of the stars.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Mary E. Watkins.*
"The Gulf Gleam," August 2, 1932.

ROSALIND.

We have furled the sails of our little ketch;
She is moored in a calm lagoon;
And her slim black spars on the sky bowl etch
Their image under the moon.

The evening tradewind touch, aloft,
The breath of the breeze on deck,
Is never as gentle and warm and soft
As your arms around my neck.

The seagull in indolent, careless flight,
The dolphin in diving, no more
Entrancingly graceful than you tonight
As you swim at my side to the shore.

From a pattern fantastic of tamarind leaves
Where the light and shadows combine,
On the ghost-white sand the moon-man weaves
An intricate black design.

And the amorous moon and the tamarind
Lay lightly across your face
Here under the tree, lovely Rosalind,
A provocative veil of lace.

Oh, is it illusive witchery
Of the moon, and the south sea wind,
And surf on a coral reef, or are we
In Paradise, Rosalind?

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Philip E. Barney.*
"The Gulf Gleam," July 7, 1932.

THE SILENT VIOLIN.

My heart was a silent violin,
Its high strings rent in twain,
And the only music I could make
Was a sound of selfish pain.

But the Master Virtuoso
Gently took the battered thing,
And played a lovely melody
Upon a single string.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Ruth Payne Bomford.
"The Gulf Gleam," March 5, 1932.

SEA POVERTY.

I'm weary of the cities with their rustling human strife;
I'm longing for a schooner and a stretch of ocean life.
I want to see the rolling clouds out there among the stars,
With the silver of the moonbeams reflected on the spars.

And I'm longing for the days, if they ever will come back,
When standing in a wheel-pit while she made another tack.
And to listen to the splash of the wild seas overside;
With the kicking of the wheel when she butts a running tide.

I'd like to be awakened when I'm sleeping in my clothes;
To get on deck to reef and haul when a Nor-wester blows.
To feel the rain a' rapping on my oilskins in the squalls,
With my sou-wester shedding every drop of it that falls.

With the black skies out to West'ard fortelling coming gales,
And the feet feel the foot-ropes up aloft a' furling sails.
With the bawling of the mates and the whining of the crews,
When the wind fills the canvas and a strain is on the clews.

Oh, I'm weary of the city with all its cares and strains;
I long to leave its intrigues for the seas' wide lonely lanes;
To sign up with some buckos who are sun-burnt, brown and gray;

I'd do my share of growling when the ship got under way.

The Wasp-News Letter.
May 21, 1932.

William Anderson.

THREE LOVES.

Ah, in my life I have loved them—
Three loves that have come to me . . .
Moonlight, and deep red roses—
Deep red, dew-wet roses—
And the ever-changing sea.

Exquisite, all, in their beauty—
To each alone have I thrilled . . .
But, oh, with my three loves together—
Three beautiful loves together—
The beat of my heart is stilled.

So, as in life I have loved them,
When at the end, I am dead . . .
Let there be sea, and the moonlight—
The silver mist of the moonlight—
And roses, deep dark red.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," May 10, 1932.

Eva Byron.

VISION.

The winds, swaying yellow blossoms,
By chance in a market stall,
Bring dreams of forgotten pastures,
Sweet with the frosts of fall.

I stand in enchanted twilights,
There's singing in every breeze,
With ripples of forest laughter
Floating in city trees.

The whispering oaks tell secrets ;
Half-trusting, I doubt forsooth,
When I hear in soft, low rustlings
Tales of old love and youth.

And here, are great songs and visions
That Gods only hear and see,
In some valley like the Jordan—
Near a lake, called Galilee.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," April 23, 1932.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

WEEK-END.

Here where the fettered limbs are loose,
Here where the moon looks down—
Convicts, out on a brief parole,
Free from the prisoned town.

Here where the air is fresh and fair,
Here where the soul may soar,
Far from the woe of the workday world,
Far from the city's roar.

Here where I may feel and know
All that I longed to be—
Here where I may speak to God,
And God may speak to me.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.
"The Gulf Gleam," Feb. 3, 1932.

E. D. Lambright.

FORT GIBSON.

Seeing into centuries past,
Weathered by storm and stress
The remnant of the old fort stands,
Fearing forgetfulness.

Chimneys stark; hearthstones bare;
Fallen grandeur of the high hearted
Like furled flags at half mast,
Mourning the departed.

Grand River mourns the stealthy dip
Of bygone Indian paddles;
Windswept lanes and walls re-echo
Creaking boots and saddles.

Gone to bed in God's lone Acre,
On the sheltered side of the Post,
Rows of dust bereft of a lamp,
Waiting the mighty Host.
* * *

Recessional.

Shades pass in review: explorers,
Trappers, outlaws, hardy pioneers,
Indians, squatters, soldiers brave
Protecting the pioneers.

The Tulsa (Okla.) World.

Cora Case Porter.

HAVE I BEEN PLEASURE MAD?

I am here, dear Lord,
A woman, by Thy grace;
You put me here to carry on,
As betterment for Thy race;
But much of life I've wasted;
This day was lost, employed
For pleasure to people a vacuum,
For play to purpose a void.

Shall I be judged incompetent?
As of the idle mass;
Or will You say, "I made her,
Let the woman pass."

The Wasp-News Letter. *Jean Steele Marlatt.*
"The Poets' Corner," April 16, 1932.

THE SPANISH COINS.

I.

*A necklace of coins once rose and fell
On a woman's warm white throat
As she danced to the throb of Spanish guitars
And laughter's wildest note.*

II.

The necklace flashed as she whirled and swayed
With tantalizing grace.
Flashed mockery and flouted hopes
In a jealous lover's face,
For his was not the gift of coins,
And his smoldering anger flamed
As with one quick thrust his dagger found
The heart another claimed.

III.

Snatching the hated, baneful coins
He escaped from the town that night
On a vessel bound for foreign shores,
A land of wealth and might
Where frenzied men were finding gold,
And asked no one his name,
Where all had equal liberty,
And chances were the same.

IV.

Once there, he wandered restlessly
With memories that seared,
Consumed by anguish and remorse,
And as the end he neared
But three were left of all the coins
And those, for food and rest,
He offered to a miner
Who gave him of his best.

V.

You asked for a tale of early days—
In the palm of my hand I hold
Three Spanish silver coins, worn smooth,
Three bangles, dull and old.
Gone is the man consumed by his crime,
Gone is the miner, too,
(The miner, my father, who sheltered him)
And these coins which caused such rue.

The Wasp-News Letter

Mabel C. Fuller.

SOLDIERS!

They kept their tryst so gallantly
On fading battle-fields,
They knew a courage born of pain,
A strength that never yields,
And as their broken ranks come by,
We raise our prayers again
That we may find the shining Grail
That led the marching men.

That we may raise the flag as high
As those whose hearts were proud
When they went out to fight for truth—
Don't let us walk, low-bowed,
Ashamed because we have not kept
The pledge which brave hearts made.
Help us to conquer wrongs, dear God,
And keep us unafraid!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
May 28, 1932.

Helen Welshimer.

A GARDEN.

A garden is a lovesome thing, Got wot?
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot,
The veriest school of peace; and yet the
fool contends that God is not—
Not God! In Gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
"Tis very sure God walks in mine.

The Wasp-News Letter. *Thomas Edward Brown.*
"The Poets' Corner," July 2, 1932.

AGE-LIMIT.

"Too old," they told him,
At the factory wicket—
His age was forty
And they gave him a ticket.

It mattered nothing
That his eyes were still steady,
His step elastic
And his hand deft and ready.

His country thinks,
When the guns start to rattle,
He's then not too old
To be shot down in battle.

He's then a hero!
None could strike any bolder!
But when he comes back—
He's too old—for a job-holder.

Why do we throw him
In the dire pit of hell
And grind up our youth
To make more than we sell?

A day is coming—
He cannot steal nor rob—
His might will make right
And he'll take back his job.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Clarence L. Peaslee.*
"Attic Salt," March 26, 1932.

THE WHISTLING BOY



Along a highway I once strolled,
And met him quite on equal terms;
We chatted of his wealth of gold—
His fishing rod and can of worms!

He, tattered, barefoot, tousled-hair,
Walked proud as Eastern potentate;
He whistled to the fishes' lair,
While I strolled solemn and sedate.

His whistling had no artist's range,
He was no Raphael's cherubim;
Yet any artist would exchange,
To have the joy of Whistling Jim!

Infectious was his whistled joy,
Alluring was his sparkling eye;
I longed to whistle like that boy,
And know the sunshine of his sky.

Oh, would that life could always hold
Us free from worries which annoy;
That to our hearts we could enfold
The carefree peace of a whistling boy!



THREE FINE SONS.

Mark that old man in the poorhouse yard;
That old, old man, with the snow-white hair.
Three fine sons in the world has he;
Three happy sons, all rich and free;
Each son noted for "charity"—
With check-book, and law-book, and book-of-prayer.

One fine son is a business man,
Cunning and shrewd in his plans for gold;
Scheming and playing for power and fame;
Proud and serene in his own good name;
Contented and pleased with his selfish game
Forgetting his father, gray and old.

Another fine son is a worthy judge;
Secretly tickled with vanity;
Condemning judiciously things unclean,
Strutting about with dignified mien—
A living lie, both sharp and keen,
Plotting in law and piety.

The third fine son is a man of God,—
Singing and praising the Bible plan;
Shouting his sermons from pulpit and stand,
A wonderful son, so holy and grand!
Teaching and preaching throughout the land
With never a thought for the poorhouse man!

What would you give for these three fine sons?
Would you be proud in their worldly fame?
Riches and power and place have they,
Noble and holy from day to day,
Sweet and religious in every way—
Cloaked with the glory of God's good name!

Dear Father in Heaven, have YOU many sons
Like the sons of this father with snow-white hair?
For three fine sons in the world has he,
As three fine sons as ever could be—
Rotten and foul in hypocrisy
With check-book, and law-book, and book-of-prayer.

The Wasp-News Letter. *William B. Hegeman.*
"The Poets' Corner," February 20, 1932.

REFUGEE'S RETURN.

Back to the war-torn, shale-strewn land,
Back to the shell hole pitted town,
Back to the blood-soaked, smoking earth,
Moved through the mists on every hand
Creaking carts, the pilgrims weighted down.
Beneath their broken idols, rare with worth.

Back through the glow of the morning dawn
Of the rising sun, that shown again
Upon the shell-lined, weeping way,
Came hordes of pilgrim peasants on
To search for earthen grails of men
Dreg-stained by the gall of yesterday.

Back to the heap of shattered stone
Of an humble hut by the village street,
To fill the trench in the broken mall,
To sow and reap where long have grown
The tares of war uncut, that greet
His ghastly coming like a pall.

Perchance awaiting his return
A fragrant cot from the mountain fir,
Hewn for him by a Friendly hand,
A shrine of Hope, where he may burn
An incense sweeter than the myrrh
Borne to him from a foreign land
By the Light of the Morning Star.

The Wichita (Kans.) Eagle. *Henry Coffin Fellow.*
October 28, 1932.

HILLTOPS.

You on your hilltop,
And I on mine;
Like tall cathedral spires,
We stand alone,
Yet never lonely;
Since we are on the hilltop
Where we see—
The little lights of love
Lit endlessly.

The Wasp-News Letter.
“*The Poets' Corner*,” February 27, 1932.

Eve Brazier.

DESERT MUSIC.

The desert holds within its heart one note
Exultant, full, and vibrant as a bell;
The faintest echo ringing in a shell
That seems upon the muted air to float;
Where its orchestral tone the winds will quote
In tender melodies of wood and dell,
Of laughter hidden in a cavern well,
Theme voicing theme from a triumphant throat.
In kind responsive to each seeker's dream
Be it with sorrow or with pleasure spent,
Where chance alone may choose to cast its role;
Elusive, mocking it will ever seem
Filled with bright promise or with strange portent,
Yielding to each the measure of his soul.

The Wasp-News Letter.

Mabel W. Phillips.

"The Poets' Corner," May 21, 1932.

HUMORESQUE.

Those maddening strains
Float out like wraiths to me
And flood my soul
With bitter unshed tears;
They speak of hopes long dead,
Ships lost at sea,
And shattered dreams—
Along the lonely years.
Defeats and sad regrets
Those wild notes bring,
Too poignant for
My weary heart to bear;
I seem adrift—
A bird with broken wing,
And silently
I seek repose in prayer.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Helen McMahan.

"Attic Salt," August 30, 1932.

BLACKSTONE MAELSTROM.

Gathered from out the far zones of the earth,
Gathered from farms that were held of no worth—
“Mad-House,” they called it—the Blackstone Hotel,
Scenes of transactions that mean heaven or hell:
Voices uniting become a deep roar,
Cataract, truly, could sound little more—
Day-long, night through, unceasingly on
Still the crowds weave, and a year has now gone.

Larger and wilder the wells gush and come,
More eager-hearted the Blackstone maelstrom
Flows in a tide past description or pen,
Widening and thickening its debris of men—
Coming, still coming, for their tilt at the fray,
Frenzied and game their last dollar to play.

The Tyler (Tex.) Journal.
May 13, 1932.

M. Rose Akin.

LINES TO K. E.

If I should ever scoff at spring's awakening
Or calmly pass a budding hawthorn tree,
If muted violins no more enthrall me
And moonlight holds no dreams of ecstasy,
If scent of lilac blooms no longer brings me
A poignant memory of our early love,
If no responsive music floods my being,
At sound of bobolink or cooing dove,
If sweetly sighing west winds cannot move me
And I have failed to keep my dreams ahead;
Then tho I breathe and walk and work as ever,
The soul that flamed within me shall be dead.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
“Attic Salt,” March 26, 1932.

Helen McMahan.

THE ANSWER.

Dark and Rain—
Leaves are clinging—dead;
I call you,
Call you as we said.

Dark and Rain—
And dead leaves falling;
I, who call,
Hear—only calling—
Dark—Rain—Leaves—
Nothing more—except
My own voice,
In a vow half-kept.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Mary Peaslee Root.*
“Attic Salt,” May 28, 1932.

VALHALLA SABAOTH.

In Memory of Franklyn Pierre Davis.

F From out the far land of Eternity,
R Resistless, though unseen, a messenger
A Across the Heavens came on sable wings.
N Now terror seized on those who heard him say,
K “Know this, O man, ‘tis your fixed destiny;
L Live well each day of your allotted span,
Y You then will welcome this edict so grave,
N Now seeming but an arbitrary fact.”

P Perchance the messenger but came to say,
I “I know your work on earth seems incomplete,
E Ere long, we’ll need you in a larger sphere;
R Remember that this earth-life is a school,
R Rewards await the faithful one elsewhere.
E Erect no monuments of fame on earth.”

D Departing, then, the messenger had smiled,
A And sable wings gave place to glistening white;
V Valhalla opened wide her welcoming gates,
I Investing an heroic son of Earth
S Sabaoth officer to God the King.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Alice Sutton McGeorge.*
“Attic Salt.”

Just A Little Love Song

Franklyn Pierre Davis

Music by Helen McMahan

1. It is grow-ing dark and si-lent, 'tis the.
2. I will wan-der far in dream-land where the
3. Yes, I'll sing a song of love dear, just a

clos-ing of the day _____ So I'll.
fair-ies have their home _____ Where the
song of love for you, _____ For the

sing a lit-tle love song, just to
cu-pids rest when wear-y, and the
ro-ses in your cheeks dear, and your

drive the gloom a-way _____ Yes I'll sing a
mys-tic love gods roam _____ There I'll meet a
eyes of heav-en's hue, _____ For the witch-ry

lit-tle love song, sweet-heart it's just for
lit-tle fair-y, whose heart beats ev-er
of your smile dear, and the love light in your

you _____ So you'll know I've not for-got-
true _____ And un-less you have a dou-
eyes, _____ Have kin-dled in this heart of

ten, And that my love is true.
ble, That fair-y will be you.
mine, The flame that nev-er dies.

Written by Franklyn Pierre Davis in 1918. Set to music with piano parts, and violin obligato, by Helen McMahan in 1932. Owing to lack of space, the voice score alone is reproduced.

NEWSPAPERS

I express my appreciation and obligation to the Editors and Publishers of the following newspapers for material used in this book:

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The Tulsa World, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
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The Wasp-News Letter, San Francisco, California.
The Wichita Eagle, Wichita, Kansas.
The Williamsport Sun, Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

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